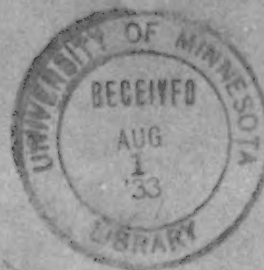


BEGINNING "STOP & GO" SERVICE SEE PAGE 44

Life

AUGUST
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★



The New Cycle

Daisy, Daisy,
What is this thing you do?
Are you crazy,
Riding a bike anew?
It isn't that I disparage
The days of horse and carriage,
But you look queer
(Really, dear)
On a bicycle built for '02.

Daisy, Daisy,
Nothing can change my view:
I'm too lazy
Ever to take your cue.
In shorts you are so seraphic
That I'd be killed in traffic,
For who could steer,
Gazing, dear,
At a bicyclist built like you?



Greatly worth while, *for those* *who can afford it*

IF THE vast number who own motor cars, only a relative few can buy the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire. That is because the Double Eagle is essentially a *superstandard* product—limited in production by its excellence as it is limited in market by its price. Where the Double Eagle ideally fits, is with the man who wants extremes of *safety* and *freedom from trouble* in his tires, and can afford it. In the Double Eagle he buys the greatest possible measure of quality, stamina and durability, and because of the unrivaled popularity of this magnificent tire with such men, he buys it for considerably less than you might think.



The **DOUBLE EAGLE** *by*

GOODYEAR

GOLFUS AMERICANUS (Colloquially known as "Golf-Bug")

HABITAT: Temperate Zone of North America

ORIGIN: The Scottish Moors

This hardy and generally long-lived insect was imported into the United States about a generation ago as a cure for low spirits and the then prevalent disease, *fin de siècle*. At first, *Golfus Americanus* was not taken seriously, but in a few years it multiplied so enormously that it has today become a major problem in many communities. This rapid multiplication gave rise to a number of distinct sub-species.

This, the highest type of the species, is ambidextrous, leading a dual existence. *Plutocratus* is commonly found inhabiting

Sub-species: our skyscrapers and town clubs during the greater part of week-days, but on sunny afternoons and during week-ends these insects emerge from their town

Golfus Americanus hives and cavort up and down the verdant meadowlands of the suburban countryside. They do a great deal of damage to the turf and are viewed with considerable alarm by agriculturists.

The characteristic droning of these busy creatures is a sound familiar to the executive offices of our greatest corporations and professional offices, in Wall Street, in LaSalle Street, and wherever large sums of money are to be found. *Plutocratus* shows a preference for mahogany desks and upholstered automobiles, and has been known to burrow its way to the finely pumiced decks of sea-going yachts. Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays, this creature digs into the greensward and carefully avoids sand, for which it has the greatest aversion.

In winter, these extraordinary creatures, as though obeying some powerful instinct, infest pull-man cars, transport planes, boats, and automobiles bound for the southern part of the United States. There they ferret about the best hotels, clubs, and private homes for shelter at night, using them as a base to leave and return to. Every day that the sun shines, through the bunkers, tees, greens, and traps which are set to snare them, they skilfully chop their way.



In summer the migration is toward the north, or westward to the British Isles (their original home) and Continental Europe. The great ships of the world, in certain seasons of the year, are actually overrun with this sub-species.

Oddly enough, the female of the species is more deadly than the male. Of late years eminent naturalists have noted that an increasing number of the females join with the males in flitting rapidly about the meadowlands. They are not yet as adroit as the males in avoiding the traps and hazards set for them, but it is estimated that in a very few years they will have achieved the average male's notable ability to slash his way through all known obstacles.

Golfus Americanus Plutocratus of both sexes has an almost fatal weakness for the printer's ink on the particular paper found in the pages of a Condé Nast publication called "The American Golfer". With their fine sharp teeth they gnaw the magazine from cover to cover. This obsession appears to be constant at all seasons of the year and is reflected in the nearly 40,000 copies of "The American Golfer" that are thus avidly consumed each month of the year.

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Advertisers who would like to sell their merchandise or services to 40,000 of the most prosperous and influential Golf Bugs in the world—mostly men, but many women too—will find "The American Golfer" admirably suited to their purpose. The advertising rates of this growing publication, the unquestioned leader in its field, are surprisingly low. The rates for "The American Golfer", when bought in combination with other of the Condé Nast magazines (Vogue, Vanity Fair, and House & Garden) are even lower.

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She was a whirlwind on the tennis court ...BUT ASHAMED TO GET OUT ON THE BEACH

THERE'S something shocking to romance, something indelicate, almost indecent, about having even a mild attack of "Athlete's Foot."

That was the thought that haunted her. The most popular girl on the tennis court or in the ballroom, she refused to go on the beach. She shrank from the thought of having anyone see those peeling blisters, that unnatural whiteness, that unpleasant moistness between her toes.

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for immediate application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this sturdy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill this germ. Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution. At all druggists, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

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Life

AUGUST : 1933

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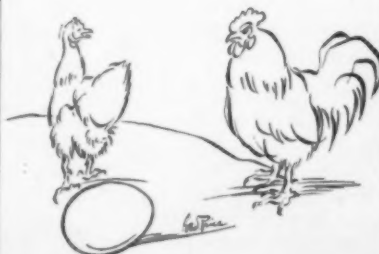
Cover modelled in soap by Lester Gaba for direct color camera
(Verse by Norman R. Jaffray)

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"I spent the night with an ostrich."



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A FAIRLY EXACT SCIENCE

It has been said that there is nothing quite like feeling in fine fettle. The effect has been compared with that mental uplift which comes after a strenuous afternoon of *vreeling*, although some authorities hold that an equal—if not possibly a greater—reaction is gained through the recently revived Icelandic custom of *schpin der plätter*.

True, Blömfändün, in his "*Die Eins Zwei Drei nach Vier Fünf und Sechs Sieben*", says: "Was ist das? Das ist ein Stuhl. Der Stuhl ist nicht grün . . . Es ist rot". But of later years, that theory has lost favor among fettlers.

In treating with this subject, one must consider, of course, the variations in grades of fettles. There are the coarse, medium and medium-coarse fettles, which are quite distinct from the fine fettles. (The fifth class, or Boston fettles, will not be discussed at this time.)

And one must also consider the great figures of fettling, notably Stanislaw K. Jones (1899-1906) whose enviable record in that field has never been equalled. Indeed, Bryce, in his later translation of D'Oeuvre's colossal "*Garçons et Filles*", quotes D'Oeuvre as crediting Jones with being: "By miles the very best fettler of the age". Toro, on the other hand, in his "*El Milmillonésimo Corazón y La Inconstante Mujer*", says only: "By miles the best fettler of the age"; while Dummkopf, in his "*Wir Sind Alles Schüff Getrunken*", contents himself with the laconic statement: "By miles the fettler of the age".

The example of Jones is one well worthy of emulation by the would-be fettler. Jones' basic principle of success was to employ only the finest fettles. He would become berserk even at the hint of a suggestion that he accept substitutes.

"What!" he was overheard to ejaculate upon one occasion, "Do you expect me to fettle with *that*? Take it away and bring me one of those fine fettles from that crate in the back room—preferably one with Rockwell Kent illustrations and bird's-eye maple veneer."

This, in brief, comprises as much of a summary of the *Pferdes* and *bêtes noires* of fettling as very limited space will allow. The writer proposes to add nothing concerning his vague, yet gall-ing urge to know what it really is like to feel in fine fettle.

—E. B. Crosswhite.

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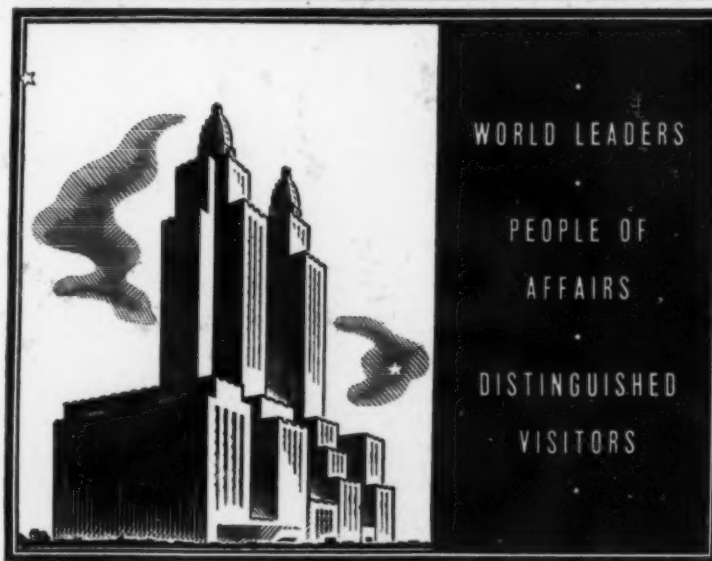
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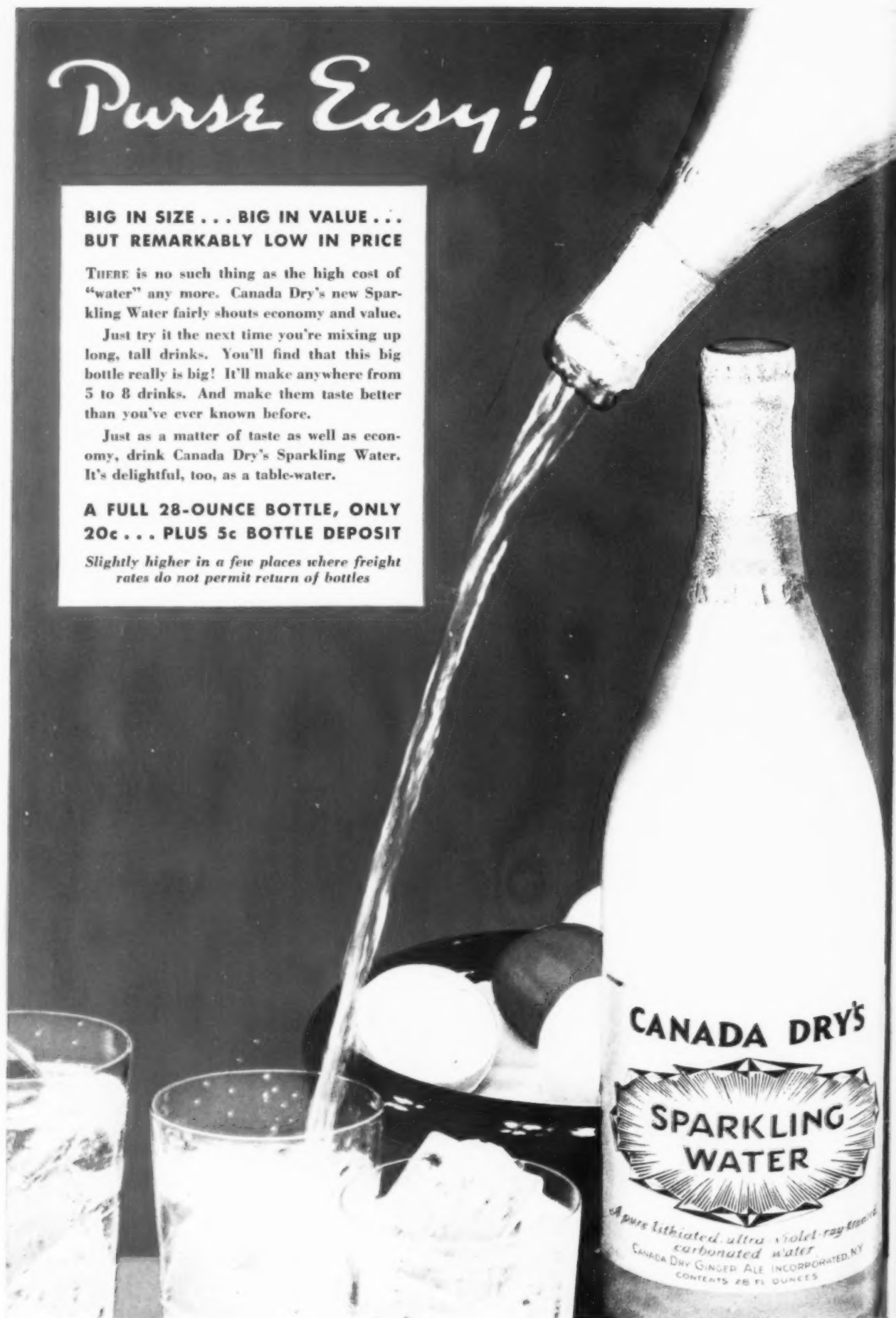
THERE is no such thing as the high cost of "water" any more. Canada Dry's new Sparkling Water fairly shouts economy and value.

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Just as a matter of taste as well as economy, drink Canada Dry's Sparkling Water. It's delightful, too, as a table-water.

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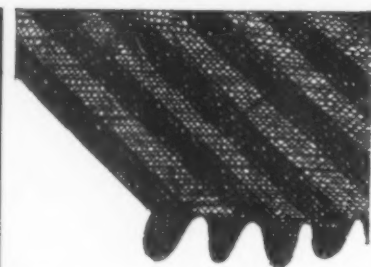
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AUGUST



SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
People born before the 23rd love well and usually wisely too.	People born after the 22nd are generally healthy except for stomach aches.	Prof. Moley absent-mindedly sends China spinach instead of wheat. Japan rushes peace proposals to Nanking.	 California discovers that Mooney is staying in prison without due cause. Charges him rent.	The D. A. R. urges American heiresses to shun foreign titles and buy American husbands.	 J. P. Morgan kidnaps the United States Senate.	The kidnapped United States Senate (See Aug. 4) escapes after talking its captors to sleep.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
 \$5,000,000 cheering Nazis ask: "When do we eat?"	New York appoints O'neal Madden to the Parole Board to guard gangsters from prison persecution.	 Chicago teachers beg pupils to stop sending flowers and bring sandwiches instead.	Japan suggests non-confidence in its cabinet by assassinating all the ministers.	 Charles R. Dawes offers to pay Chicago teachers' salaries if the R. F. C. lends him another \$90,000,000.	America refuses to lend Germany \$100,000,000,000. Hitler blames the international Jew.	Greece explains that it can not surrender Insull because it is insular.
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Mayor O'Brien orders stricter economy to raise more revenue for new Tammany jobholders.	 The League for Independent Political Action thumbs its nose at Mayor O'Brien.	J. P. Morgan offers to match his private life with any Congressman. Congress rejects the offer.	 The Gandhi movement reaches the American beaches.	The R. F. C. is pained to discover that Americans do not pay their debts either.	 War and Navy Departments achieve major economy. Replace army and navy with Popeye, the Sailor.	The League of Nations commissions the "Literary Digest" to conduct the next Cuban election by mail.
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
 Nazis face financial crisis. Find Communists, Socialists and Jews have nothing left to be stolen.	White House explains to Europe that abandonment of isolation does not mean we will lend it money again.	 Revised Tourist Advice: When in Rome do as Mussolini tells you!	Chicago police warns gangsters that use of cannons will violate city traffic ordinances.	 Pres. Roosevelt commissions Rube Goldberg to chart a way out of the depression.	Tammany prepares for election crisis. Opens camp to train vote repeaters.	 Hitler expresses monthly regret for skulls broken by erring subordinates. Owners of skulls are sorry, too.
27	28	29	30	31		
Junior League agrees it is smart to be thrifty but rejects parents' plan for coming out parties at the Automat.	 Chase & Sanborn announce that Gandhi fasts because he can not get dated coffee.	German government files formal protest with the Nobel committee for denying Hitler the Peace Prize.	 Prosperity Crisist Rubber industry crashes as checks go back on the paper standard.	Sen. Huey Long insures his voice.	The birthstone for August is Sardonix for conjugal felicity and, if we may hope, fidelity.	To be continued next month



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CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



BEST AMERICAN BOOK OF THE MONTH: *Anthony Adverse*, by Hervey Allen. STILL THE WORST BOOK

OF MANY MONTHS: *Henry P. Davison*, by Thomas W. Lamont. BEST FRENCH BOOK: *Men of Good Will*, by Jules Romains. MOST EXCITING EVENT: Ernst Toller's speech before the P.E.N. convention at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. BEST PROPAGANDA: *No Time Like the Present*, by Storm Jameson. COOCO-EST BOOK: *Millionaire Playboy*, by Tom Boggs.

This is the time of year when the noted critic, brought to a nice state of parboil by two successive Sundays on the beach at Coney Island, stands painfully by the mantel and tosses off his annual piece on the dire state of literature during the dog days. The plaint is generally that there are no books published for the better citizens during the hot weather. Mr. Hervey Allen has personally attended to that this year. He has written *Anthony Adverse* which is over 1200 pages in length and is calculated to take you through your regular two weeks vacation with pay, your extra two weeks at the boss's request and without pay, and your Saturday half-holidays and Sunday full holidays up till October 29th. Mr. Allen, after piddling around with a few books which were received politely but not rapturously, evidently decided to stake everything on one roundhouse wallop. He wound up and let fly with a ponderous tome calculated either to

knock out the teeth of every literate observer or to ruin Mr. Allen himself if he missed. He seems to have landed. It is a picaresque (you know, not scenery but adventures and things like that) novel and the critics have gone a little insane over it. Just to keep the record straight, I may add that it is good, but not *that* good.

The Outdoors

I AM writing this during the Fourth of July holiday, alone in the great city of New York. If I, in a moment of unbelievable transport should desire to split a bottle of Ruppert's with one of my upper claws friends, I should be compelled to board a train for Connecticut, at the very least. We are becoming more British by the hour. We love the woods. We love the water. We love long week-end holidays. Myself, I'm going up to the Yankee Stadium to see the double-header with Washington. There have to be a few of us left who celebrate Independence Day with the proper reverence. But to return to the woods. I like the woods. I haven't a thing against the woods. But I have a theory about them. I think we may be all wrong in fearing Fascism and Socialism and Communism. What is eventually going to conquer this country is poison ivy.

The Reporters

ONE of the most curious things about American literature is the absence of a good baseball novel. The only respectable attempt was Heywood Broun's *The Sun Field*,



"It was good enough for LIFE, wasn't it?"

which died a harrowing death. Charles E. Van Loan and H. C. Witwer wrote the usual tripe and Ring Lardner gave us a masterpiece in the *You Know Me, Al* series, but none of these was a serious approach to the life of the ball player. The sport permeates our life and has perhaps as firm a place in our national psychology as any phase of our existence, and yet it has never been considered from anything but the comic angle.

The trouble must be that baseball writers themselves are such hopeless boobs that nothing can be expected of them. Westbrook Pegler is an exception. In many ways he is the finest satirist writing in America today and if he is not wasting his time on the sporting page, I never saw wasted time. But the others are pretty bad. If you want to get them at their worst, catch them in the act of setting down the words which fall from the lips of their heroes.

There is still a writer on the N.Y. *Sun*, who used to report the Great Babe Herman as speaking in this fashion:

"I have adjusted the fault which has been hampering my batting stance and am confident that I shall materially increase my batting average in today's engagement."

I say it ain't so; Babe never said it. Nobody ever said it.

And I'm just as doubtful of the accuracy of the reporter who gave this to posterity: "'Whom do you think will win the combat tonight?' asked Lefty Gomez as the Yankees sat on the bench today before the game with Boston. They were discussing the Baer-Schmeling encounter."

Lefty Gomez never said "Whom do you think, etc." and I'll bet eighteen hundred dollars on it. As an aside I may say that I have recently been elected president of the Association for the Abolition of Whom, which has caused more anguish than any word in the English language and has also given far too much satisfaction to half-educated asses who use it meticulously and consider that this absolves them from the necessity of thinking.

But perhaps I shouldn't be so hard on the sporting writers. I still recall the wife of the aviator who had waited for hubby for seven days and finally saw his plane on the horizon. "It is he," she cried joyously, according to the Associated Press. . . . Which lied.

Kindness To All

I HAVE lately had correspondence with a lady author of distinction who avers that no one short of God can afford to be ironic. Who are we as authors, she says, to be so high and mighty with our characters. We should be humble before them and strive only to understand them. I think this is true but only to a degree and I should dislike to think of its being taken as an axiom by the writing profession. Strict justice really has no place in fiction. Lord Morley proved that to me. His villains on the way to murder were always stopping to rescue a drowning child. Just when you had worked up a fine hate for the fellow, he would turn out to have a golden heart. It isn't cricket. It lets you down. I mention this because of Richard Aldington, whose prologue to *Death of a Hero* was the finest, most heart-warming example of vindictiveness I have ever read. He loathed

those smug characters and literally slayed them there before you. That is the way it should be, says your humble correspondent. Aldington's new book, *All Men Are Enemies*, is not quite so virulent, but neither is it an exercise among the lilies. I also regret to say that it isn't a very good book.

A Note For Posterity

Just to show how hard up the world is for books, the Saturday Review of Literature on June 24, 1933, recommends four of them to read, one of which is *The Good Companions*, by J. B. Priestley.

A Few Words Only

Russia Day by Day, by Corliss and Margaret Lamont. They must have some interesting evenings in the Lamont household, what with Mr. Morgan dropping in and the young folks thinking Russia is all right.

The American Scene, by Edwin C. Hill. Proving that after all the man was a good reporter. But why must he be so sappy on the radio?

The Framework of an Ordered Society, by Sir Arthur Salter. In which one of the old economists admits that he was cock-eyed. It took the world tumbling about him to convince him, but he's convinced.

(For further comments see "Stop & Go" service, page 44.)



"If that's catnip
I'm a caterpillar!"

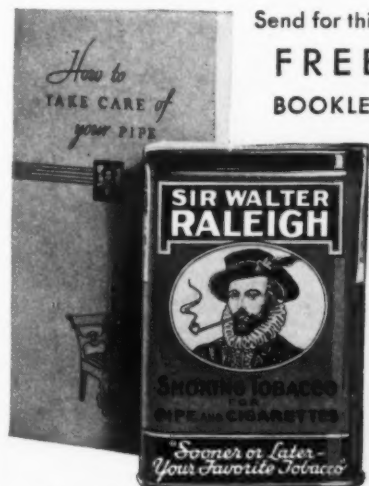


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AUGUST, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

Beer WE'VE NOTICED that beer drinkers have been making pretty much of an issue of the congressional decimal, 3.2. The man in the street seems to be out to get 3.2 pct. alcohol in his beer and no less. Then he gets a fixed idea that only one brew hits the full quota and that all the rest bat around 2% and aren't worth a whoop. The other man in the next street gets the same fixation about another brand, and when they get together there's no end of quibbling. Two of our friends are actually at loggerheads about it. Another is even spoil-fun enough to complain that he can't get a bun on the way he could with prohibition beer.

We decided to take the bull by the horns the other day and settle the thing once and for all. We went around the corner to the neighborhood speakeasy and got a pail of beer—approximately the same stuff they've been pushing over the bar for years. Then we picked up one bottle each of Budweiser, Schlitz, Wurzbürger, and Ruppert's and lugged the whole collection down to Dr. Jurist at his Research Laboratories, Inc., 126-128 W. 32nd St. The Dr. turned loose the resources of modern chemistry to four decimal places and gave us the alcoholic content of each brew. The standard is, not more than 4% by volume or 3.2% by weight.

While the retorts were simmering we fell to talking about beer. The Dr. is an old hand at beer-testing. He told us that pre-prohibition beers used to test around four pct. Only once did he get a sample that ran much over that. That one hit eight-point-something.

Here's the way our collection came out, according to the weight standard:

Schlitz	3.2
Budweiser	3.2
Wurzbürger	3.14
Speakeasy	3.14
Ruppert's	3.10

We certainly take off our toupee to Budweiser and Schlitz for hitting it right on the head.

Wood WHENEVER American citizens group together in a common enterprise, it takes them no time at all to develop a jargon of their own. Hollywood has its own pet phrases, the Western cowboy uses slang that means nothing to outsiders, and even the safe-blowing industry boasts such gems as *shamus*, *gopher mob*, and *squib*. It's probably no great surprise to

you, then, to learn that a friend of ours has just come back from the Roosevelt Camp of the Citizens' Conservation Corps with a list of expressions coined and used by the army of young gents who are saving our trees.

Here, for instance, are a few:

Showered with birds' eggs—brushed or hit by a falling tree.

To hold the case queen is to rush the most attractive girl in the neighborhood.

A chip in the eye is to be sore about something.

Dug up a skunk—started a row, or fight.

To have swallowed a chip is to have a stomach ache.

To take the cherry tree is to cut down a tree which has been marked to be left standing.

Rotten egged—shown the door by a girl.

The Prof—the Camp instructor.

On location—at work.

Make-up man is the barber.

Greetings from Uncle Sam—an inconsiderate bird in flight over camp.

To have poison ivy is to be considered crazy or a half-wit.

Left his mark on the gate—deserted.

Our friend tells us that *Shuffle Off to Buffalo* is the theme song and that he heard so many sizzling variations of it that he finally left his mark on the gate.



"What'll it be, gents; real beer or some of this 3.2?"

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Free **Brush** ALTHOUGH the Fuller Brush Man is perhaps the most widely known front door salesman in the country, it was only recently that we discovered the secret of his tech-

nique, which lies in a little folder put out by the Fuller Brush Company telling him how to get into your house and how to sell brushes. It's called The Approach and Demonstration Outline and it's the F.B.M.'s Bible.

The salesman's first step is to get your name from a telephone or city directory and leave a card at your door entitling you to a free brush [worth approximately two cents] which he promises to deliver the following day. Before he makes the promised return call it's his job to brush up on his method of procedure which, according to The Approach and Demonstration Outline, goes like this:

Good morning, Mrs. B. You received the card—kindly get the card and I will redeem it for you. [Start to walk in. If she refuses or offers an excuse, set case down, step back and make a general appeal to flattery.] We go out of our way to give a regular customer one of our new Handy Brushes. Just get your card. [Customer offers another excuse. Set your case down again and follow with a general appeal to humor.] I don't get an order every time I call. If I did I would be here every morning. That would be good business, wouldn't it? [Smile.] I'll just step in and give you yours. [The customer may offer a third excuse. This time you will appeal to her sympathy.] You know, Mrs. B., the Manager sent me out here today to give away twenty of these Handy Brushes. Your name is on my list. I don't mind telling the Manager that I am a poor salesman but I certainly hate to tell him that I can't give you your Handy Brush. I'll just step in and give you yours.

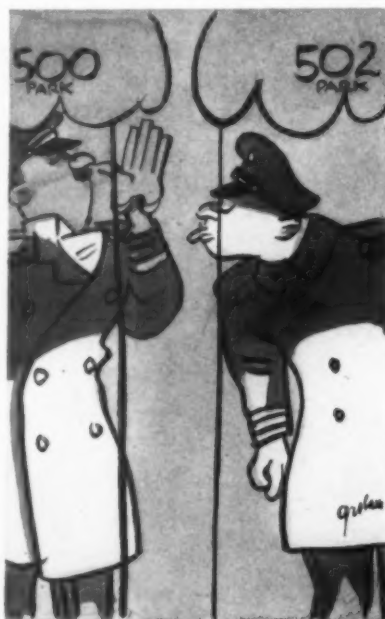
The Approach and Demonstration Outline states that *You are now in the house*. The rest is comparatively simple. The F.B.M. gets a 40% commission on anything he sells and is thus able to offer the housewife premiums and dicker about price; so you can see what the housewife is up against.

Consult Us A GOOD MANY people have expressed doubts as to the possibility of a thriving city as Muscle Shoals, Alabama, but the Messrs. Howell & Graves are not to be counted among them. Their unwavering confidence has kept them hard at the job of selling subdivided farm land for some 16 years.



"Why don't you go out and spend the night somewhere? That's what I always did."

A couple of times during this decade-and-a-half the Better Business Bureau got out bulletins about Muscle Shoals real estate that weren't very favorable. One time they were even mean enough to send a man down there to compile a census of commercial activity. Between 3:40 and 4:40 p.m., on May 5th, 1926, he stood at the corner of Courtland Pike and Wilson Dam Highway [the main artery north and south through the center of Muscle Shoals . . . the future Fifth Avenue . . .] and here's what he saw:



Pedestrians	0
Commercial automobiles	0
Pleasure automobiles	3
Horse-drawn vehicles	0

But all that is just water over the dam. Since President Roosevelt signed the best Muscle Shoals bill ever passed [Senator Norris], things have been popping again. When he signed the bill the President declared that he did not want anybody to be lured into buying land with the idea of reaping a quick fortune, but that couldn't have any possible connection with the Messrs. Howell & Graves, who must not be suspected of wanting to lure anybody into buying land. As a matter of fact, they've published a little warning themselves:

The President has solemnly warned the public against being drawn into land speculation in the Muscle Shoals region. He has said that the small investor should not get caught in the clutches of conscienceless land speculators.

Consult Us First

Which seems to indicate that the Messrs. Howell & Graves, in spite of being Muscle Shoals realtors, are firm backers of the Roosevelt program.

• • •

Z-36 MOST LARGE department stores have one. We mean an up-to-date and smoothly functioning espionage system composed almost entirely of females. They are paid a small salary to scout the marble halls of their rivals and make sure that there's nothing from a lipstick to a grand piano that can't be bought in their own store for less. If Z-36 suddenly spots something new and unfamiliar on a competitor's counter, she buys it and dashes back to Headquarters. There the executives take it apart to see what it's made of and by next morning are ready to face the world with something quite as good for less.

Z-36 is known as a Comparative Shopper, and the mortality rate for her and her pals is terrific. At the end of six months her face becomes so familiar a sight in rival shops that it's a case of either having the face lifted or getting fired. Mostly she gets fired. We know of one, however, who has managed to operate unrecognized for almost ten years, under B. Altman's colors. It was one of Altman's ads, in fact, that got



Uncle Tom's Cabaña

us thinking about this whole business of Mata Hari Kari. The ad called for girls who had ten changes of costume and charge accounts in other large stores. This seemed in line with the old Mata Hari tradition except for the salary which was to be \$27.50 a week. The charge accounts enable the girls to buy, and later return, merchandise, thus saving money for General Headquarters.

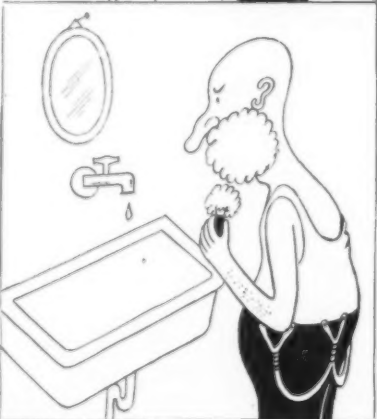
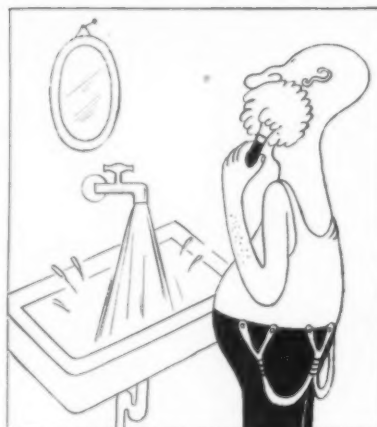
A typical incident in the life of Z-36 is to walk into Macy's one morning and see 50 strong matrons battling over a certain counter. Z-36's job is to find out what it's all about and then dash to a phone where she informs her boss that Macy is creating a stampede with a red-white-and-blue hot water bottle at 69c. Z-36's chief then throws together a table of bright orange hwb's at three for a quarter and meets the Public's whim.

That isn't all the monkey business that goes on, though. Nearly every store has wheels within wheels; that is, a spy system that works under their own roof. These operators are known as Service Shoppers and *their* job is to go around buying stuff from their own salesgirls. Their jobs last two months, if they're lucky, and when recognized they run for their lives. Nevertheless, it's a pretty cagey system. San Francisco's Emporium hired one not long ago. She was given \$50 to spend in each department, the idea being that she would part with her money only after a pretty snappy sales talk. She would buy, for example, a pair of candles for a quarter; then, if urged, \$5 worth of candlesticks to go with them; and possibly an \$8 table runner to set off the whole business. In no time the \$50 would be gone and the salesgirl would get a gold star.

This, however, was not usually the case, as a final check-up revealed. Most girls would say *Anything else, modom?* in a disagreeable voice, which would spoil everything. Only one Emporium salesgirl contrived to wrest the entire \$50 from the cautious but willing Service Shopper.

ARTS AND LETTERS

Roll Your Own IT HAS BEEN brought home to us time and time again that technological unemployment has played havoc in industry, but it never occurred to us that the



machine could affect the literary man and his right to indulge the eccentricities of the creative mind. Now, it seems, even the fictioneer must face the sinister menace of the machine.

I contend, writes a Californian named Mr. Hill, that the idea of an author moping around in a trance while he waits for a story-inspiration, is utterly absurd. With this in mind, Mr. Hill has constructed five machines that will give you any kind of a plot you want right off the bat. They're made by the Gagnon Company of Los Angeles, and there's one for melodramatic love stories, one for love yarns without melodrama, a third for adventure, a fourth for mysteries, and a fifth for comedy. Mr. Hill reasons logically enough that certain elements must be present in every effective story. His outfit consists of a bookful of these elements and a machine to pick them out for you.

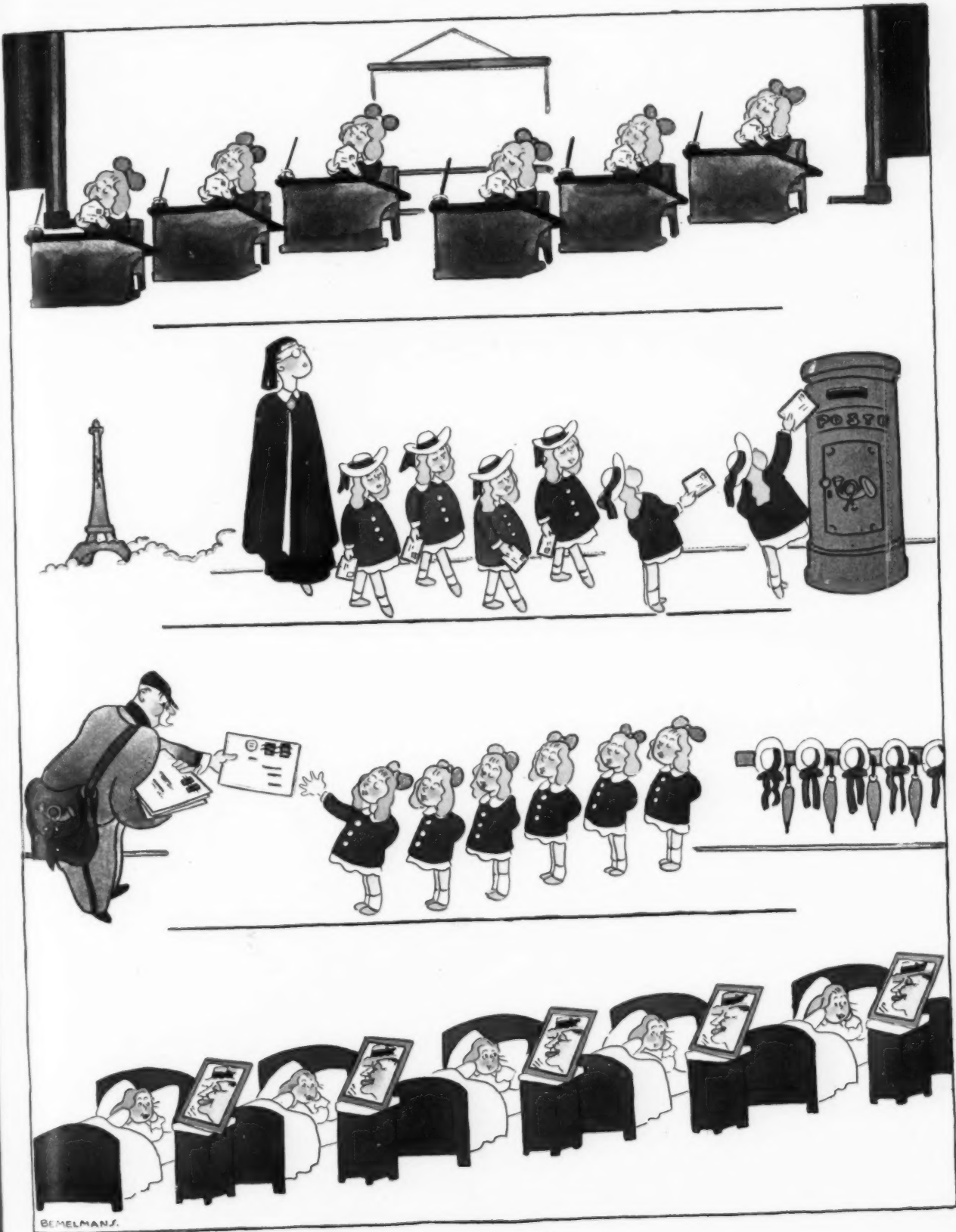
All you have to do is twirl a disc until a number that strikes your fancy shows up at a little hole. You twirl three times for each of the steps in your plot, and the result is apt to be something like the one we got:

The setting is a zoo, wherein the heroine, a *countess*, is brought together with the hero, a *glassblower*, to face the problem, *obliged to risk health in an effort to brave an air voyage*. The obstacle to love is, *lover falsely accused of being mentally unfit*. The plot is further complicated because *superstition stands in the way of relief*. The crisis comes when the hero is *about to permit an unrecognized brother to perish in fire*. All this leads up to the Climax, or *Surprise Twist*, which in our case turned out to be, *wherein a timid girl unexpectedly wades into a fight and comes out victoriously*.

The machine gave us that much but we haven't got around yet to writing the story. Maybe we'd better not.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Covering Sports THE SPECIALIZED and extensive covering of sports news is as American as the comic strip, and like the comic strip, which is not the spontaneous creation it seems, sport writing is a highly organized business. In New York City



alone, more than 200 newsmen tell millions of readers why the latest left-handed pitcher from the Texas Bush Leagues will be a sensation, and how many pounds Babe Ruth dropped in pre-season training.

Baseball, which is in the lead now, is covered with the thoroughness of a World War. Each important newspaper, press association, and syndicate has a man travelling with the important teams from February 15th to the middle of October. To lessen their bias, many newspapers shift them from one team to another about July 4th.

In keeping with the times, readers have evinced a sudden interest in news of sports they can play themselves. Hunting and fishing are favorites. With the rise to popularity of cycling, it's possible that amateur cycle races will soon grace the sports pages, as they did in the gay '90's. College and prep school sports are getting a lot of space now, and the boys of Hotchkiss, Exeter and St. Paul's are avid readers of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* sports pages. The space is devoted to them not because the teams have news value but because the business managers of the more conservative papers hope to capture, permanently, the interest of the prep school readers. For these are the future advertisers.

Sports writing is a general term. It includes the work of such writers as W. O. McGeehan, who essays on everything from Mexico to the financial complications of Balkan countries; Westbrook Pegler, who covers Washington news, and the French view of inflation; Joe Williams, who lends humanity to pugs and touts; and many others. Some of the best newspaper writing of the day sees the light in the sports sections. Also, some of the worst. But as long as there's a McGeehan being printed, the thousands of men who worry daily about batting averages and who'll win the next race, have justified their existence. And sports is one newspaper department into which women haven't jimmied their way, although the girls have tried.

GREAT MINDS

"I consider the private banker a national asset."

—J. P. Morgan.

"You who have been in touch with the school system know what the dear, generous, wonderful teachers have done."

—Mayor John P. O'Brien.

"To bury a man alive in a vault for seventeen years is extremely foolish."

—George Bernard Shaw.

"It is advertising that keeps our great newspapers free."

—Edward A. Filene.

"Armaments are not for amusement."

—William E. Borah.

"There must be something in this baseball business."

—Babe Ruth.

"I have seen much of the American square deal."

—Yosuke Matsuoka.

"I say to my men sometimes, 'What are you, a bunch of bricklayers?'"

—Rudy Vallee.

"Everybody is feeling the depression."

—Mrs. John Nance Garner.

"The whole world to-day is an example of the unrest caused by the Socialistic trend of government."

—J. P. Morgan.

"Playful little chap, isn't he?"





SINBAD . . . Merrily We Roll Along!



THE TRIAL OF ALPHONSO MCGINNIS

SCENE: Back room of Murphy's Garage. About forty taxicab drivers are squatting on the floor facing a makeshift rostrum.

PRESIDENT: (*Rapping gavel*) Fellow officers of the Metropolitan Taxicab Drivers' Association, I now call this trial to order. Will the secretary please read the data?

SECRETARY: (*Reading*) Alphonso McGinnis alias Timothy Rizzo alias Percival Van Helsing Morgan. Check-

er, Paramount, Parmelee. Home town, Kansas City. Not married.

PRES: Bring the defendant, McGinnis, forward.

(*Snarl from the crowd as a stocky man with a week's stubble on his face is shoved before the bench. He cringes there.*)

PRES: Will the prosecutor, Mr. Cohen, please take the case?

COHEN: Your Honor and gents of the jury, first of all this guy McGinnis

is accused by member Bernstein of using bad language.

PRES: Will you describe the charge?

COHEN: Well, I dunno the details. But Bernstein says he heard McGinnis say to a fare in the back (*Reading*)—"Dis-ar-mament is doomed to ir-revocable failure." That's what he said. And he memorized the words too.

PRES: What happened?

COHEN: Aw, this guy in the back was a columnist and he wrote it in his column.

(*Angry murmur from the crowd.*)

PRES: Go on.

COHEN: And member Pete Smith says he heard this guy McGinnis acting cute with old ladies. He says the boys was suspecting him for a goodly time, and they even warned him. But he wouldn't cut it out.

PRES: Will you specify the complaint in particular?

COHEN: Yeah. I myself heard him tell one old lady he had diamonds in his teeth. Honest! That's what he told her. He said he used to be a big game hunter in Africa, and he had the diamonds put in to scare the natives—or something. . . . And then, another time, Pete heard him telling an old lady about mother love.

PRES: Mother love?

COHEN: Yeah. Mother love. He said that mother love was the most beautiful thing in the world and he even told her stories about his mother. It got into a newspaper.



"Why can't you remember? 'I' before 'e' except after 'c'!"

(Angry shout from the crowd.)

PRES: Continue.

COHEN: And another time he recited poetry to a girl in his cab.

(Jeers and catcalls from the assemblage.)

PRES: Poetry?

COHEN: Yeah, poetry. And he talked about Shakespeare and all them guys. He told her he wrote poetry himself, and he even showed her a poem he wrote. He took it out of his pocket while he was waiting for a light to change. I got the thing with me. I swiped it.

PRES: You may read it to the court.

COHEN: (Assuming mock dramatic attitude and placing one hand on hip) The name of this poem is "The City," and it goes like this:

"The City is a cruel, heartless thing
Which beats us all into submission.
It is a gigantic stage on which
We all play like puppets.
It has its exits and entrances—
The subways, the elevated and
various railroads. And each man
in his time makes many exits and
entrances.

The city is cruel, but I love it.
I am a child of the city.
That's why I love it. . . ."

Aw, I can't go on.

PRES: Very well, lay it aside as Exhibit A. Now continue.

COHEN: Well, there ain't much more. Only this dame was a magazine writer and she wrote it in the *New Yorker*.

(Sibilant hiss from the crowd.)

PRES: What else?

COHEN: Well, Tom Murphy heard him make a crack to an old codger in his cab. This guy McGinnis coughed and the old man asked him how he got the cough. And McGinnis laughed and said it was just a hacking cough.

PRES: What happened?

COHEN: This got into the *New Yorker* too. They think he's cute. They think he's cute just because he's a taxi driver. All those — — magazines and newspapers. They make us all look like a bunch of — — pansies.

PRES: (Rapping gavel) No profanity, please. Do you have any further charges to make?

COHEN: Just one more that Artie Lukatz told me. Artie was driving downtown and he happened to scrape

McGinnis' fender. McGinnis had a fare in back and right away he started to tell Artie Lukatz where to get off. Artie asked him if he was trying to pick a fight, and then this guy McGinnis looked at him and said, "No, my good man. I was merely reproving you—merely reproving you." This got into some snooty magazine too.

(Frenzied roar from the crowd.)

PRES: (To McGinnis) Do you

wish to deny any of these charges?

McGIN: (Terrified) It was all a mistake. Honest! I was only kidding.

PRES: Is it true that you deliberately did all this in the hope that it would get into print?

McGIN: (Wildly) No! Honest! I didn't mean for them to write about me.

PRES: Then what made you do it?

McGIN: I'll tell you. I'll tell you



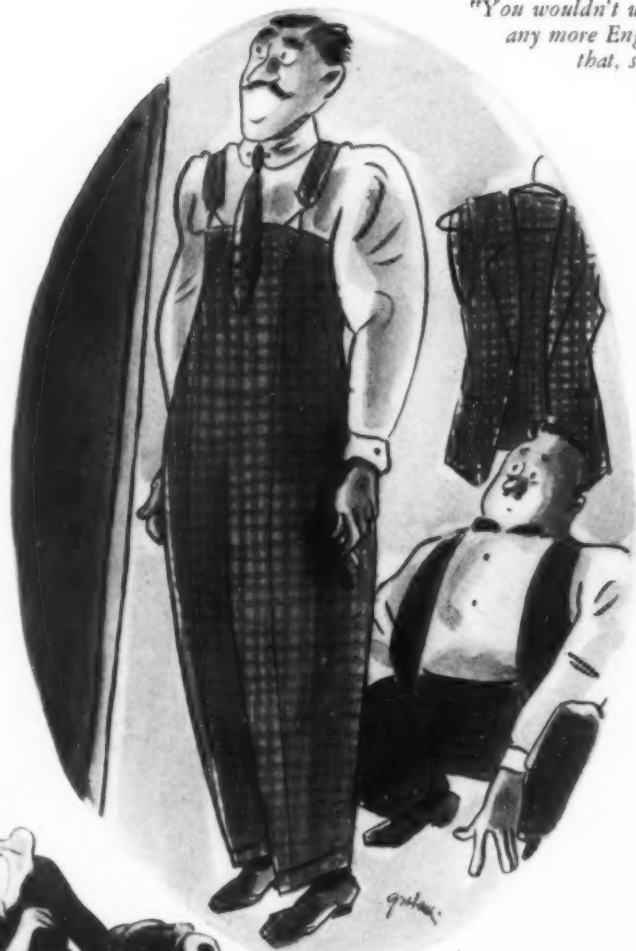
"Alone at last! I've sent all the servants out on fake errands."

everything . . . It's not my fault. It's my father's . . . I inherited the taint. It's in our blood. I'm not really a taxicab driver. I mean, I don't have to be one. I'm just doing it for color . . . I'm going to write a book . . . I'm a —a scion of a wealthy family. I'm a graduate of Harvard—of Princeton, I mean. My ancestors came over on the —on the Mayflower . . . My family lost its fortune in the crash . . . That's why . . . (Cringing) Please, fellows. That's the truth. As God is my witness . . . Wait! Wait! Don't shoot . . . It's murder . . .

(Six shots ring out. McGinnis crumples to the floor.)

—Everett Freeman.

What we need is a loan until we can find a makeshift job that will give us temporary relief until we can negotiate for a position in a Reforestation Camp.



The trouble with buying something on the installment plan is that the first payment usually is the last.

The gag-stealing situation over the radio is getting so bad that most gags seem to be given by special permission of the copy-cat owners.

OLD STUFF

IT'S lamentably clear to me
That I am growing old, to be
So stunned by nature in the raw.
With tenderness, surprise, and awe,
I note each embryonic bud
In our back yard. The very blood
Within my veins begins to skip
And gambol at a frightful clip
As I regard the crocuses
And all that pale green fuzziness
Be-haloing the scrawny trees.
I never used to notice these
Public delights, though it appears
They have been functioning for years.

—Margaret Fishback.

TRAVEL

"DIP cares away at Waikiki under a Hawaiian moon," I was reading. "Hark to the whispering voice of the surf caressed by a tropic breeze. Ride down a moonlit coral strand—"

"What do you think of it?" somebody asked, and looking over my shoulder I perceived a young man I had seen on the beach not long before.

"My name's Misselwitz," he said, sticking out his hand.

"Great stuff," I replied; "not Misselwitz, I mean, but these travel ads. Eloquent. Compelling. These writers certainly have remarkable powers of observation, haven't they? Colorful style and all that. Why—"

My new friend was smiling in a quizzical sort of way and I stopped.

"Thanks, old top," he said. "I happened to do that little sketch."

"The he—, I mean to say, the deuce you did! Sir, I'm doubly glad to know you now. Do you realize that this description brought me to Hawaii?"

"Well," he answered, "it's what brought me here, too. That is, it's one of the things. Not counting, of course, the ship. I think the boss was rather pleased with one or two other little bits I handled, too, when he told me I deserved a nice vacation. Have you by any chance read my one on the south—"

"Not," I demanded, "the one about the soft surges of the Caribbean . . . the pageant of the past . . . the pulse of Old Spain beating once more beneath the glorious brilliance of the Southern Cross. . . . Where the delightful lullaby of the proud Pacific enchants with a mystic fascination?"

"THE exact words!" he shouted, and I could see he was vastly pleased. "Just in the day's work," he added modestly. "But I really like the one I

did about Ontario better. It seems—"

"Don't tell me that's one of yours, too!" I had to exclaim. "Not the one about the unmatched forest of virgin pine, rendezvous of nature's unspoiled children. . . . Where years ago the age old portages felt the tread of moccasined feet. . . . Where trout and muskie leap to the challenge by day, and by night cheery campfires gleam along lakes the depth of which no man has fathomed?"

"The very one, indeed," he said. "Yessir, that's out of my own head,

just the same as these others. And the chief said I deserved a vacation, and when I get back he promised a raise in pay."

"And fair enough, too," I cordially admitted. "Misselwitz, you certainly deserve it. Such eloquence! Such forceful lure in description! Such vivacious charm! A wonderful gift! By the way, I was headed over to see if I had any mail. Come along?"

"Why thanks, awfully, old top, but I must be getting on. Wife's waiting for me. However, you might do me a favor if you wish. Would you mind just posting this card for me? I prom-



"Thash funny—I got 'er in reverse an' we're goin' sideways!"

"Porpoises?"
 "No; outboard motor race."



ised to write to the chief and tell him how the place impressed me."

"Why," I answered, "I'd be delighted." And truly, I was glad of the chance. Perhaps I could steal some of his stuff for the folks back home. I took a peek.

"Dear Chief," he had written. "Got here all O. K. Although the days are warm, the nights are so cool we need a blanket. Great place. Wish you was here. Misselwitz."

—Carl D. Gartner.

THE OMNISCIENT MR. LIPPMANN

IS there *any* way of stumping Walter Lippmann?

Is there *anything* that fellow doesn't know?

Be your occupation Senator, or merchant, or midshipman,

He can tell you how your business ought to go.

Though I've heard of Delphic oracles and Sibyls,

Their pronouncements were ambiguous at best;

But the learned Mr. Lippmann never hesitates or quibbles

When his scholarly opinions are expressed.

If it's politics—disarmament—revision—

If it's farm relief, technocracy, or trade—

Mr. Lippmann will inform you with his usual precision

Of the necessary measures to be made.

Mr. Lippmann, though we're all insanely jealous

Of a man with such accomplishments as these,

I'm convinced that we'd believe you if you even tried to tell us

That the moon is made of Gorgonzola cheese!

—Norman R. Jaffray.



"Were you expecting a surprise party? We've forgotten where we're going!"

THE DISARMAMENT RACE

THE great disarmament race is now in full swing, and nations are vying with each other to cut down deadly aggressive weapons to the absolute minimum, and perhaps even below that. (Anything can happen in these tremendous times.) France has already taken a big lead in the race by declaring an ironclad ban on bean shooters, and Germany has countered by making it a criminal offense for anybody in the country to possess a sling-shot.

The English navy is also taking drastic steps by banning grappling irons on any of its ships, and the United States and Japan are having a fast and furious race to see who can get rid of all its battering rams first. In Italy the bow and arrow is now *persona non grata*, and you can search the entire Little Entente in vain for a regiment equipped with spears. Russia is expected this week to declare a ukase against snow-balls.

In view of all these facts, the peace of the world now seems assured, because nobody could possibly fight an offensive war with purely defensive weapons like siege guns, tanks, poison gas, bombing planes, dreadnaughts and submarines. However, each country naturally needs to keep such weapons to maintain internal order.

Another step which has clarified the situation is the definition of the aggressor. An aggressor is a nation whose



"This time, I'm marrying the real thing—a Phi Beta Kappa!"



"Drive back to Detroit; we'll have to see the manufacturer about getting out of this damned thing!"

troops are found on foreign territory except, of course, for purely defensive purposes such as gassing the enemy, acquiring additional territory, or commanding them to change their form of government. These and a few minor exceptions are the only cases where the definition of aggressor would not apply.

All in all, the prospects for peace look most encouraging, due in no small part to the elimination of national hatreds and fears caused by aggressive weapons. All the world is solidly resolved to disarm, though of course it would be folly to do so too hastily. However, we may well expect the first step to be taken by 1940.

—Parke Cummings.



VOL. 100

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2581

Ups and Downs—Ins and Outs

By E. S. Martin

THERE is a good deal going on in our world; large matters, very large, under consideration; immense changes in life proceeding under our noses. Nevertheless when the news came that Douglas and Mary were inclined to sever their marital association, that was the front-page double-headline news of its day. Everybody knows Douglas and Mary. No one has a better established publicity. They have both ministered to our entertainment and done it decently and very much to the satisfaction even of the moralists. Douglas is a grand athletic figure and manages somehow to keep fit. Mary is the kind of a girl that not less than, say, five million girls would like to be. Each of them is famous in their own right, but why should celebrities marry celebrities? Is there a fair chance for continuity in an assortment of that kind? The wonder is that Douglas and Mary have held together so long.

What each of them might naturally have found more profitable was a domestic character not subject to advertisement nor emulous of publicity. Bernard Shaw seems to have a wife of that nature, and a rich lady at that, and they stay married. The spouse of Einstein does not compete with him in mathematics. She seems a kind of nimbus to shield him from too much glare. Of course there are lots of wives of public husbands of that quality and a good many husbands of public wives, but on the whole wives are better at the job of noiseless association than the husbands are. Look at

Amy Semple. Though the nature of her nuptial standing may really be a little obscure, still she uses her husband on occasion even though they may be on different continents.

Marriage ties in our times are getting to be what you might call "step-

good deal cheaper than going to Reno or Paris and is a good reason. Where both parties want to quit what advantage is there to public morals in trying to force them to live together? The really remarkable thing about marriage is that so many married people get along, raise their families and do their work in life without swapping partners.

A letter that came in the morning mail on the day of this writing was from a lady who describes herself as "rising 84," and at the end of it is a further description quite unnecessary but interesting, to wit: "—The wife of —the best man in the world!"

That happens sometimes and means that someone has solved the problem of life!

That is what the movie people seldom accomplish. Publicity is a snare and a nuisance, something to be endured if one has to, but it does not make for understanding of life.

No, not even in Presidents, of whom we seem to have a thoroughly robust specimen. His cruise in the *Amberjack* is something the like of which no former President ever undertook while in office. Not even T. R. It was a very healthy thing to sail a boat to Campobello. It made for health of mind after four months of very hard work. With all the enormous jobs of restoration that have started, Mr. Roosevelt needs a radioactive mind, one that is giving out something all the time. The trip he took was very well adapted to keep him healthy minded.

But did it blunt his manners? He has a bigger ship than the *Amberjack* to sail just now. That is a job in which suavity has an important part and his words to the Economic Conference about the dollar and the gold standard were held to lack urbanity.

Maybe so. But at least they made clear what he wanted, and if he continues to want it, that may be important. He has undertaken to do things so unprecedented that their processes have to develop day by day and he does not himself foresee the details of them, nor does anyone else.



AMERICA CALLING

MRS. BRITANNIA: Gentleman with a chin beard come again, Sir, and says he's willing to take some loose silver on account.

JOHN BULL: Well, now, that's exceedingly kind of him—so far as it goes. —Punch (by permission).

ins," transitory for those so disposed. If there are no children and no particular character and no imposing social station, there seems to be no great objection to matrimonial oscillation. It is proposed to allow marriages to be dissolved by mutual consent. That is a



The Unholy Three

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

OUR President has been awfully busy with Conservation Camps and other neat plans for ending the depression, but personally I think the man in New Jersey is the one who's got the really big idea. I mean that man who the other day put up a sign inviting young couples to park in his back yard and look at the moon. Boys, Congress should vote that lad a medal!

What this country's needed all along is not more work, but more romance! Getting us all back on the job will doubtless help, but getting us all out under the moon is the thing that's bound to win the battle. Hooray for the man in Jersey! Since he started the swing in favor of sentiment, public spirited citizens all over the U. S. are volunteering vacant lots, and even the police are becoming romance- and -moonlight-conscious!

I see where the cops in Camden have received orders to watch over young love in flivver roadsters with a father's eye. And a Philadelphia police captain came out in print the other day and said that from now on when his men are out nights bandit chasing and meet a boy and girl parked in a car, they are to turn right around and drive the other way. That's what I call Progress!

And what a relief! There's nothing kills romance quicker than having the Law look in over your shoulder when you're enjoying a little quiet engine trouble by the roadside. I know of one girl, Sue Smith, whose life was wrecked last year back of the Merion Cricket Club when a motorcycle cop turned a searchlight on her boy friend's

face just as he was about to propose. Naturally, the lad was so shocked he hasn't said a word about marriage since. As for Sue, she spent the night in the jug for assaulting a policeman. Not that I blame her! She'd been working five years to get the b.f. to pop the question.

However, hazards like that will soon be a thing of the past. With the law on the side of love, everything is going to be O.K. Believe me, any country that basks in police protected moonlight can't remain depressed for long!

This wonderful new reform will also automatically end that awful slump that hits the country around September. I mean that Summer Boy-friend Hangover. Of course, all we girls who spend the winter harassed



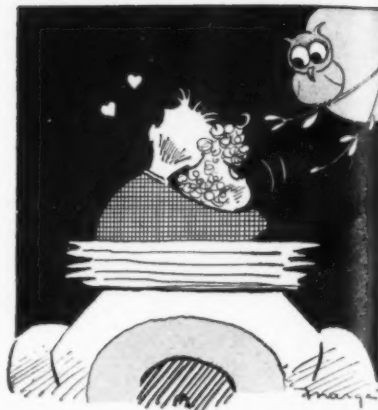
"I can't understand it! He looked simply keen in the Canadian Rockies!"

by the kid brother barging in on our dates every few minutes, look forward eagerly to our two weeks vacation at the shore or in the mountains where we can have a little uninterrupted romance. The romance is swell, but, oh, the reckoning! The toughest part about summer beaux is getting rid of them when you get home. And any girl who has been through the business of trying to shed life guards with fading tan, and Cape Cod fishermen who look like mackerel in tuxedos, understands why they call it Midsummer Madness.

Even though you vacate in Australia or the Arctic Circle, you can't



"Sunburn, my eye! I've got a bad case of moonburn!"



"Bill, will you kindly do something about that owl!"

be sure your past won't come back and haunt you just when it's least convenient. A friend of mine, Lulu Llewellyn, once spent her vacation on a dude ranch in Wyoming and had a thrilling flirtation with one of the cowpunchers. Naturally, when she left for New York she thought that chapter was ended. But, doggone, right after she left, the man won a thousand dollars for trick riding in a rodeo, and grabbed the first train East. And there was Lulu with a cowboy on her hands all winter. He chewed tobacco, too.

It just goes to show you never are safe. So why not save yourself a lot of grief and worry this year? Stop looking at those hotel folders and plans for personally conducted tours. Put your money in the bank, and try a nice summer vacation at home with your winter boy friend in the new protected moonlight!

DOWN WITH SHAD

THE spinal column of a shad Is something that I wish I had Myself, that I might now be able To feel completely comfortable In taking just the roe instead Of bothering my little head With bones. We one and all should snooze

The while our hostess picks and chews Her way through the aquatic course Alone. Why should she try to force On guests, this enervating dish? Are we, I wonder, jelly fish Or men, that we should struggle through it

When we have every right to boo it?

—Margaret Fishback.



"Now I know why you bought a Chevrolet. That body looks as if it would last forever."

"That's it! I figured the engine and chassis were built the same way—and I was absolutely right!"

You'll say, "I can't believe it"— BUT THE GAS TANK PROVES IT'S TRUE

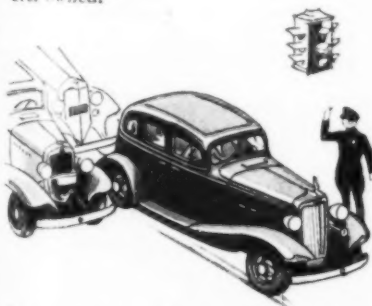


A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



"Synchro-Mesh, Free Wheeling, No Draft Ventilation—they haven't forgotten a thing!"

"And it costs less to run than any other car I've ever owned."



"We beat the crowd again! And I thought your engine was stalled."

"It was. But that doesn't mean a thing with the Starterator. Starting and accelerating are all one motion."

● When Chevrolet owners start talking gasoline mileage, you can't be blamed for not believing half the things they say. It just doesn't seem possible for a six as big and powerful as the new Chevrolet—and as speedy—and as solidly, heavily built—to get, as owners claim, "20 miles to the gallon"—"22"—"Sometimes higher!" No, it doesn't sound possible. But wait till you own a Chevrolet yourself! Or wait till you go on some long Chevrolet trip, and keep accurate track of how many gallons you use. For, at the end of your trip, when you check up on the tank, you'll find fewer gallons gone than you'd find in any other full-size car, under the same driving conditions. World's champion for gas mileage, among full-size cars—that's the new Chevrolet!

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\$445 to \$565

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.



"I hear what that radio announcer said? You can now get a Chevrolet for as little as \$445."

"Imagine that, Kate. A full-size six-cylinder coupe for \$445—and a Chevrolet at that!"



"I feel like settling down with the evening paper. This seat is like an armchair."

"And you'd feel just as relaxed if you were driving. I've never known a car so easy to handle—and, incidentally, so easy on the purse."

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

MONKEYS in the zoo often go crazy from watching the actions of their audience. A few weeks in a rest house is required to bring them back to normal.

The United States Weather Bureau compiled a dictionary of words and terms used to describe the weather. There are fifteen thousand items, exclusive of profanity.

The University of Texas gives a course in Sleeping. The class room is filled with cots.

At a public sale a fine old Sheraton chair brought a hundred and twenty dollars. Another chair, an exact duplicate, brought seventy dollars more, because it was reputed that George Washington had once *sat down on it*.

The average college student sheds fifty per cent of his learning within nine months after graduation.

The chance of being dealt a perfect bridge hand, thirteen cards of one suit, is one in forty billion. We may therefore look with grave suspicion on the half dozen or so *perfect hands* reported every year.

The *Thoit-thoid Street* dialect of New York City has been found in the writings of the early Irish poets.

"Alice in Wonderland" was barred from entry into China on the grounds of its essential falsity. The censor pointed out that "beasts cannot use a human language."

If you removed the dust from an average room at the rate of a billion particles a second, it would take you ten years to get the room perfectly clean.

Due to a change in the law last year, it is now perfectly legal for a resident of Baltimore to kiss his wife on a Sunday.

The length of the proverbial "wink of an eye" has been measured. It takes one-fortieth of a second to do the job.

Christopher Columbus used perfume!

Less than twenty per cent of successful business men read worthwhile literature. The vast majority go in for trash.

Doughnuts were baked by prehistoric Basket Maker Indians in the Southwest, petrified specimens being found in their caves.

The Saturday-night-bath custom in the United States is dead. More baths are now taken on Sunday than on any other day.

The winners of beauty contests in Spain are no longer called *queens*. Good Republicans feel that the title smacks of monarchical sympathies.

The average woman uses up three times her weight in cosmetics during her lifetime.

In giving their ages to government census takers, women lie thirty-six per cent more frequently than men.

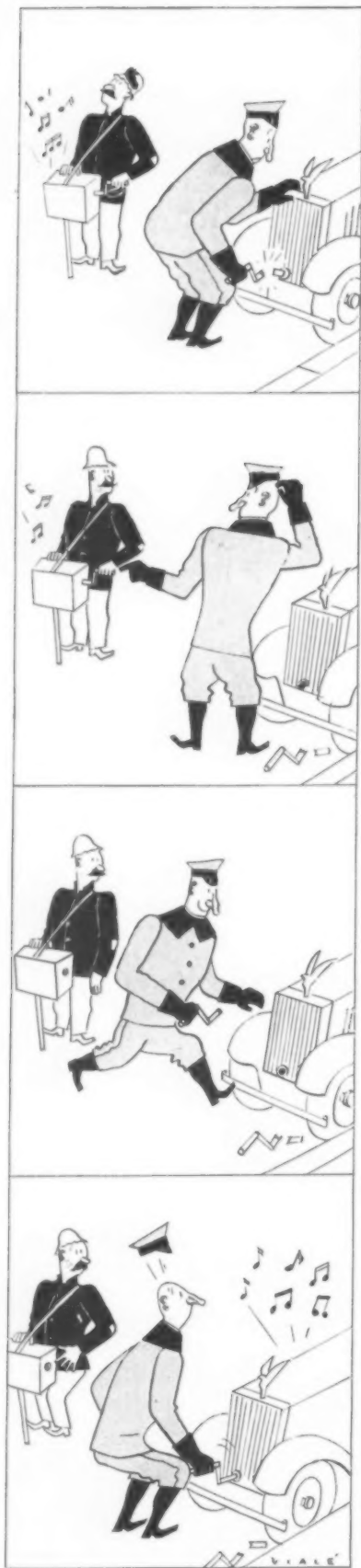
—W. E. Farbstien.

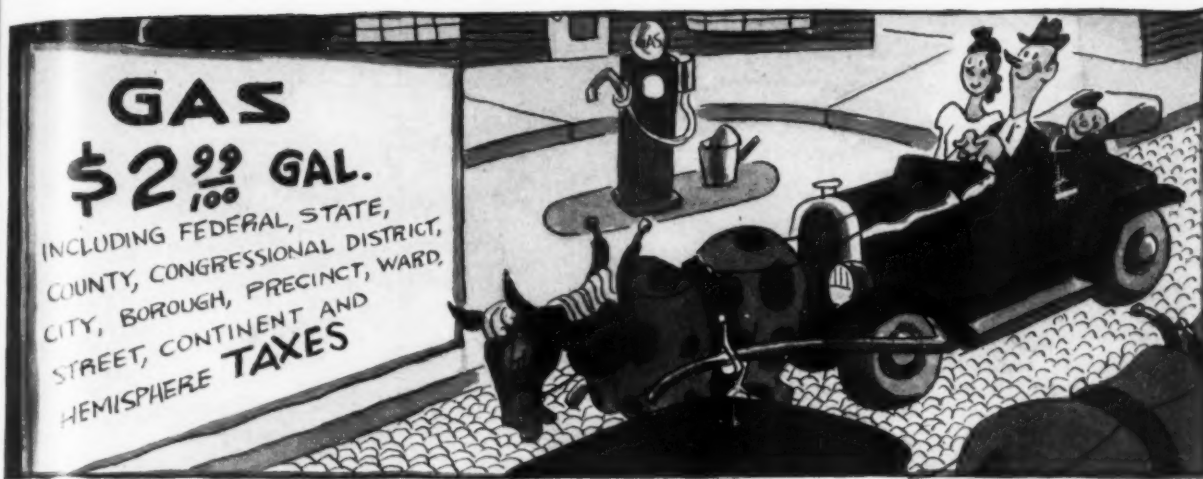
Vicious Circle

HOW can the laundry shuttle back
And forth with such rapidity?
I hate the job of keeping track.
How can the laundry shuttle back
And forth so fast? The weekly sack
Continually vexes me.
How can the laundry shuttle back
And forth with such rapidity?

—Margaret Fishback.

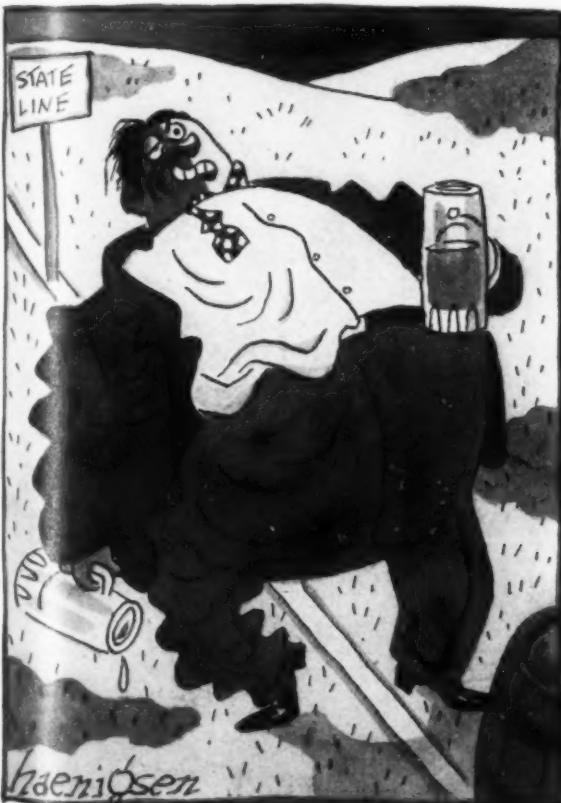
Due to the recent hot spell, and resultant lassitude on the part of the editorial staff, No. 4 of Life's Series of Impossible Magazine Mergers has been postponed to the September issue. Merger No. 4 will be *Photoplay & The Woman's Home Companion*. Don't miss it!





Breeders all over the nation prepare to meet demand as close observers predict the return of the horse.

While other publications have been printing that picture of the midget on Mr. Morgan's lap, LIFE, ever alert for the novel, here publishes an exclusive snapshot of Mr. Morgan sitting on the midget's lap, who, in turn, is sitting on Mr. Fletcher's lap, who is sitting on Mr. Glass's lap, who is sitting on Mr. Whitney's lap, who is sitting on Mr. Pecora's lap, who is sitting pretty.



After reading reports that 3.2 beer has been ruled intoxicating in Colorado and is non-intoxicating in Nebraska, Harold G. Winch stood astride the Border line, one foot in Colorado, the other in Nebraska, drank half a keg of brew, became violently insane trying to adjust himself to being roaring drunk on the right side and cold sober on the left.

Our Own Newsreel



THE COLLEGE PARADE



"WHERE are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"I've already made three dates for tonight, but seeing as you're football captain, the hell with the other guys, sir," she said. —*Penn State Froth.*

Stage-Manager—What is all that noise coming from the girls' dressing room?

Assistant—They are all talcing at once. —*Exchange.*

COLLEGIATE TYPES

The fellow with metal clips on his heels who is always talking about going over to the "frat."

The rim spectacled chap who sits in a front seat and raises his hand first every time the prof. asks a question.

The well dressed senior with a bank president manner who has never passed English.

The lad who sits in class and tells you what a heel the prof. is and then talks to him after every lecture.

The boy who bums you for cigarettes from Monday to Thursday, then only has one left when you ask him for one on Friday.

The youth who is always bragging about the wild parties he goes on, then asks you for a safe address of a beer garden. —*Utah Humbug.*

New maid (who has been told to address guests correctly)—(Ushering in the Admiral)—"This way, your Flagship." —*Annapolis Log.*

"Get something in your eye?"
"No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb." —*V. P. I. Skipper.*

MY BONNIE

My tYpust is on her vacation

My trpist's awau fpr a week/

My typudt us in her vscarion

Wgile thsee damb keys pisy hude
and seej.

Choris

Bren bock, bting bzck

Oy, brung becj mub Onnie.ti my
tp, mr;

B(&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz

Oj, bvong bosk m% belnio-l mx—
oh helk!

—*Pitt Panther.*

The captain realized that there was

no hope for the sinking boat, and said,
"Is there any one among us who can
pray?"

A meek man stepped forward: "Yes,
sir; I can pray."

"Good," said the captain, "you start
praying while the rest of us get life-
belts on. We're one short."

—*Annapolis Log.*

Soph: "Where you from?"

Frosh: "Whoosisville, Va."

Soph: "One of those jerk towns
where everyone goes down to meet the
train?"

Frosh: "What train?"

—*Virginia Reel.*



"We've counted them all, Ad-
miral, and there are only 9,999."
—*California Pelican.*



Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

Because it fits so gracefully and so gaily into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER is recognized as the King of Bottled Beer. Millions who welcomed beer back, are finding there is only one BUDWEISER—brewed and fully aged in the world's largest brewery.



A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

In the Midst of It



HERE'S a story for you. In 1925, at LIFE's Summer Camp for boys, a random snapshot was taken of four boys recently arrived from the city for a two weeks' vacation. Last month—eight years later—we dug that snapshot out of our files and tried to trace the history of those four boys since their arrival at the Camp in 1925. We were unable to locate one boy, but here's the history of the other three:

One of them has just graduated from Brown University with a degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the second has just passed his entrance examinations for Annapolis, and the third is in Sing Sing prison. And here's the significant part of the story. The first two boys enjoyed several constructive, recreational summers at LIFE's Summer Camp but the third boy never came back after the first year *because there wasn't sufficient money in LIFE's Fresh Air Fund to help him!*

How better could we illustrate the inestimable advantages of such an organization?

The children we send to our Camps—boys to Pottersville, N. J.; girls to Branchville, Conn.—are from the tenements of New York. Their parents are all too often victims of bad breaks; their lives are a succession of nightmares; they are being denied the right to work; they are part of the stifling and hopeless noise, heat and conflict of millions of neighbors.

Any depression hits the tenement dwellers first, though they are least

able to weather it, and it stays with them longest. Some of them never get out of it until another one comes along because their resistance is low, their courage sapped.

What of the children?

In this city alone there are thousands of children who creep out to a crowded park, or climb to a sun-baked roof, or perch precariously on a fire escape in order to get a few hours of sleep each night. They do not rebel—their imaginations have become as dulled as their

Fresh Air Fund acknowledgments scheduled for this issue will be held over until the September issue so that our listing will be more complete. We hope in this way to be able to acknowledge the greater part of your 1933 contributions at one time, but all contributions arriving too late for publication in the September issue will of course be acknowledged as soon as possible after that date.

listless eyes. And they ask so little!

Right now (thanks to your help, perhaps) hundreds of city children are enjoying comfortable respite from the city at LIFE's Summer Camps, but hundreds of other children, wan and exhausted by the hot weather, are city-bound and will remain so until and unless we can add substantially to our Fresh Air Fund. And add to it now!

LIFE's readers have supported LIFE's Summer Camps for 45 years, and we naturally look to you, as a LIFE reader, for help in a project that has proved its value so gratifyingly, time and time again, that it is truly a privilege to become a real part of it.

We're halfway through the summer, and both of LIFE's Summer Camps are doing a tremendous amount of lasting good. But we're still far short of the amount we hoped we'd be able to use this year, and we are asking YOU to help see us through what is probably the worst summer that charity organizations have experienced for a decade or more. It doesn't take much, and the bright spot is that your dollars will go further this year—much further—in helping children who need something to which they can pin their faith, something that will give them a new and worthwhile outlook.

Fifteen dollars will send one boy or girl to camp for two weeks—not merely two weeks of play but of constructive recreation, including woodcraft, swimming, and citizenship. Any amount you feel inclined to give will of course be appreciated, and put to the best possible use.

Will you help? Please. . . .

Make your check payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund and mail it—today—to 60 East 42nd St., New York City.

For Your Information

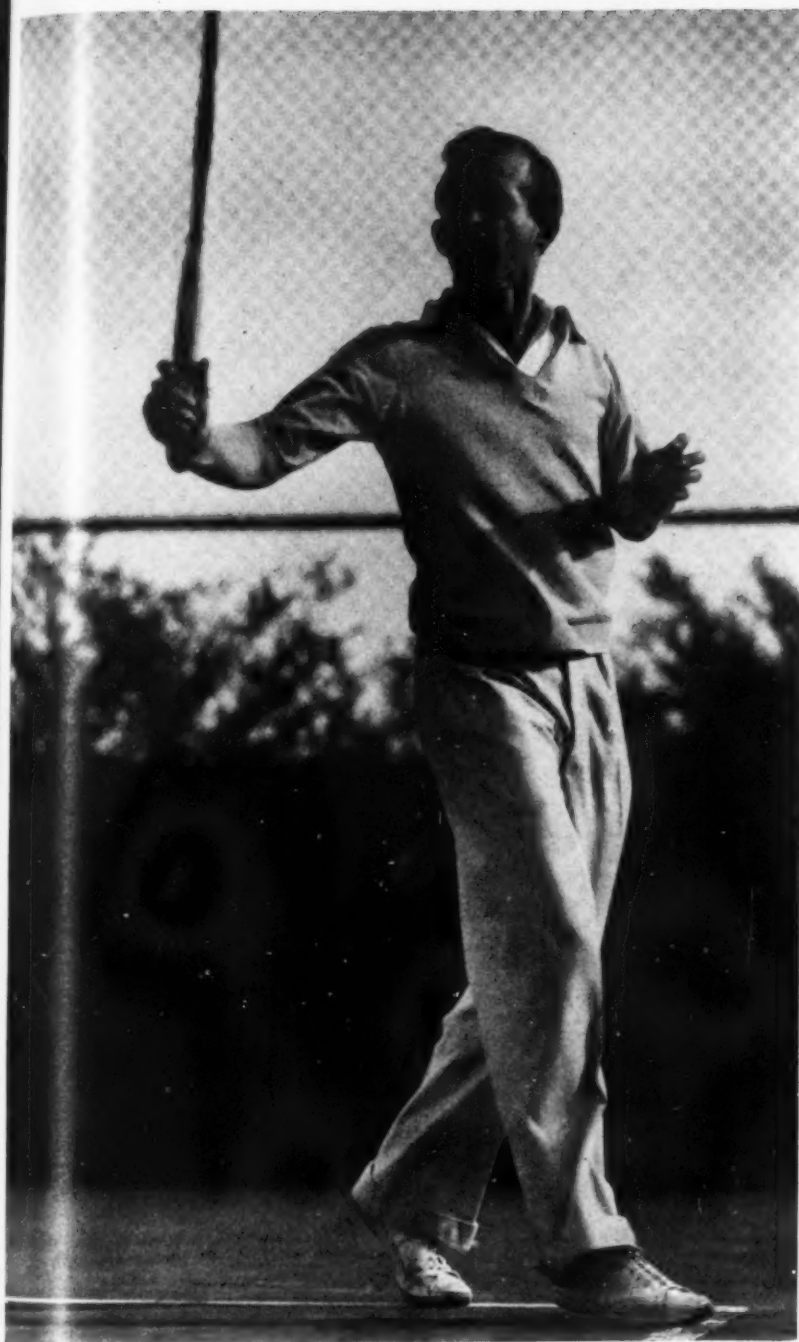
LIFE's Fresh Air Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 45 years, in which time it has expended almost \$650,000.00, providing more than 56,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged in LIFE later on, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.



SKIPPY: Who's been at my ants!



Jack Tidball, U. C. L. A., New Intercollegiate champion.

Charles E. Kerlee, L. A.

**What they're saying
about UNIVERSITY,
the magazine edited by
and for college people:**

*"It's a good magazine. It seems to me
that you're the best magazine in your
class."*

Herman Wouk
Editor, JESTER, Columbia University

"The job is indeed well done."

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*"It is a combination of everything that
goes to make up the perfect college
magazine."*

Denver Dickerson
Editor, DESERT WOLF, U. of Nevada

*"We are greatly in need of a new
medium that will reflect the changes
of the time, especially with a dash of
glamour. Congrats on the new effort."*

Roy C. Pullen
Editor, KITTY KAT, U. of Arizona

University

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JEFF MACHAMER EXPOSED!

By Jefferson Machamer

SHANGHAI has its Bubbling Well Road—London has its Half Moon Street and Pennyfields—Cashmir has its Vale—and I have Fifty-Fourth Street, New York City—at least that part of it bounded on the East by the University Club doorman and on the West by the doorman of the Warwick. (In case you don't know these fellas, my bit of Fifty-Fourth Street is between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.)

At the northern middle of this stretch of street stands an old, gray-stone house fronted with a high, spiked fence embroidered in iron. The house is known to my friends as The Vatican—so named because it is hard as the dickens to get inside. But once inside one is battered cuckoo by its charm. The furnishings throughout exude an ethnic—(I'm not lipping)—personality. I mean to say one might sit in deep upholstery from the Bronx, park one's feet on a stool from Stamboul and flick ashes in a tray from Tripoli. (The landlady is simplee-ee nuts about auctions!!)

You've guessed it's a speakeasy.

You're wrong! There isn't a speakeasy in my bit of Fifty-Fourth!

It's just an old, gray-stone house in which I have a studio, second floor front. My studio is a large room with silk walls and fissured ceilings. There is a Georgian fireplace fronted by a round lounge from Arabia—on which I lie and think with Fig Newtons and ginger ale. (See "Century of Progress Exposed", July LIFE.) There are four divans, three gilt and brocade chairs, a Governor Winthrop desk, a tallish secretary-wardrobe painted jade, seven floor lamps from seven different auctions and sixteen Munich beer mugs which have come to life again. The gas fixtures have been wired for electricity. And the whole scene is watched over by a scowling—and sophisticated by now—Stuart portrait of George Washington.

I have always felt that when I leave this room the furnishings talk to each other—and just as I enter it all conversation stops—flooding me with the

feeling that I've been *Walter Winchelled!*

For instance—there's a deep red chair at the west window. If I get behind in my dreams I sit in that chair, stoke my Dunhill and look across the way into the windows of a Doctor's suite in the Dorset. I see a slim, auburn-haired girl in the conventional white costume of Doctor's attendant. (Sometimes she flings wide the windows and shakes a thermometer at me—I think!) After looking at auburn hair pretty steadily the Dorset diffuses



Spent many a gay Monday going through the Dancers' Club's "This 'n' Thatties!"

into a Castle in Camelot and she becomes my Ladye Faire. My red chair becomes a dappled steed and I become an armored knight. (I always worry about my mustache then—fearing the helmet vizor will snap shut and snip off the waxed ends!) We, Dapple and I, have never stormed the castle. Usually, as we are about to wing out the window and menace Ladye Faire of the auburn hair with our lance—(streaming with multicolored ribbons)—Mrs. Alfred Anderson yells up from downstairs that I am wanted

on the 'phone—something about a payment being due the American Writing Machine Company on the typewriter.

But at the east window there is a highbacked, stiff, sort of bank director's chair. When I sit in that chair I look across at the Rockefeller houses and get plotty! I see the Rockefeller guards clumping their beat along the tiny green park and past the foreboding bronze doors of the Great House. Since childhood anything that is carefully guarded has incited me one way and another. "Of what is Mr. Rockefeller squeamish?" I have often asked myself.

I'm quite a well-known figure in Fifty-Fourth. Few people in my street know my name—just know me as a figure—two hundred pounds of Jeffey! I always have a meddy quip about the weather, Radio City or, if it's the Filipino boy sweeping in front of the Dancer's Club, I say something funny about the Philippines. In this way I met the Warwick Hotel doorman. (Just wait, though, until I tell how I met the University Club doorman!)

IT was, if memory gives me good service, in early November, 1929—just after the country went off the toy balloon standard—that I swung toward Sixth Avenue wearing a tightly belted ulster and swinging a Malacca stick. (I quit carrying a stick two years ago—kept tripping over it at night!) The sun was at high



—and then Mrs. Alfred Anderson would yell, "You're wanted on the 'phone!"

FLORIDA

beautiful in
SPRING and SUMMER

FLORIDA-COLLIER COAST AND ASSOCIATED HOTELS

HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
JACKSONVILLE

HOTEL MAYFLOWER
JACKSONVILLE

HOTEL FLORIDAN
TAMPA

HOTEL TAMPA TERRACE
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Every comfort and convenience for the business man, vacationist or visitor. Every room with bath. Excellent facilities, large beautifully furnished rooms, splendid sample rooms, coffee shoppes.

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Visit Florida now—stop at any of these splendid hotels—every facility and comfort at amazing rates—write for booklet "Vacationing in Florida."

Rates NOW
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FLORIDA-COLLIER COAST AND ASSOCIATED HOTELS

beam and I was feeling veddy, veddy P. G. Wodehouse. Passing under the Warwick marquee I was glancing around pointlessly and included the doorman. It was one of those tricks of coincidence, I suppose, but the doorman happened to be glancing at me at the same instant. I smiled and said something merry and he smiled back and touched the bill of his formal cap. I don't remember what I said—no matter. The same day next week—(I recall now that it was always a Wednesday when these incidents transpired, because Thursday each week was pay day and all day on Wednesdays I had to eat in the Marion Cafeteria and to get to the Meddion Cafetiddia I had to pass the Warwick Hotel. Otherwise I'd have to walk east to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth to Fifty-Third Street and then west through Fifty-Third to Sixth Avenue and North along Sixth to the Cafetiddia, which would have been silly when one considers no one knew whether I was going to a cafetiddia or not!)—the same thing happened, only we smiled a little broader and I returned the doorman's salute. This kept up week after week until we became laughing, chatting friends.

THESE torrid days I linger in the cool shade of the marquee and we talk of shoes and ships and sealing wax and the general decline of tipping. When the doorman is rushed—that is, if two cars pull up at the same time—I help him and open one of the doors. Once it was Lupe Velez and she didn't tip me—but I pretended she did and gave the doorman a quarter.

One night three blondes and a brunette squealed out of the Dancer's Club on roller skates. The next night I was

ready. I'd gone to Abercrombie & Fitch and bought a pair—when I tried them on in the store the clerk forgot to hold me and I glided away into a rack full of golf clubs—and when the girls came out and clattered Fifth Avenue way I was clattering with them on my side of Fifty-Fourth. Fifty-Fourth slants a little toward Fifth Avenue and I kept gathering speed until, with coat-tails winging, I looked like a confused seagull. And as I blurred past the University Club I took seven buttons off the doorman's coat! "HEY!" he said. There was no sense in my answering because I couldn't stop. Two taxi lads, who stand at the Club's curb, flying-tackled me and saved my cracking up against a mail box, U. S. A. Well—the doorman came up and wanted to know about his buttons and, abhorring scenes, I settled for ten cents a button. But the three blondes and brunette had disappeared. I went back to my studio off the skates and took off my clothes and got them ready to send to my tailor opposite the Warwick next morning.

Great fella, my tailor, but no sense of humor! He's looked after me, pant and tie, for five years. *But no sense of humor!* A couple of years ago I whammed into his shop with a suit to be pressed in an hour. Told him to brush it thoroughly and that I couldn't pay him till Saturday. "As a mettrafact," I added, "you might just as well sew up my pockets, conditions being what they are!" And when the suit was delivered an hour later—the pockets *had been sewed up!* (And, conditions



54th St. slants a little!

being what they were, I didn't notice it for two days!)

It's quite an establishment, this tailor's. Does laundering, too. Washes quite some things for the girls in the Dancer's Club. We've spent many a gay Monday going over some of their this 'n' thatties. ('S amazingly surprising how people's

laundry ballyhoos their personalities!)

There was one particularly personable fluff in the girls' laundry one Monday. I couldn't name the garment—I'd have to see it worn before I could make a guess. It was an orchid color and perfumed with Christmas Night. (That's \$25 for a teeny bottle!) It was a July Monday and the scent of Christmas Night in July was quite an experience! I thought of writing a romantic novel about it. Absolutely knew I could fall in love with the girl who wore it. But nothing happened. Didn't even bat out the novel.

GETTING back to the graystone house of my studio. In one of the lower windows there is a small sign which says, "Furnished Rooms—With Bath". The sign is done in the tumbling style of lettering, originated by the eminent English artist, Mr. Gilbert Wilkinson. I made the sign—(I'm quite an imitator of Mr. Wilkinson's style of lettering)—and people who pass the house and see the sign know right away that I live there just from the style of lettering in the sign. Mrs. Alfred Anderson, the landlady, commissioned me to do it five years ago. If I were doing it today, I'd add a little to "With Bath". I'd add, "The shower on the third floor is a cold one if the girls on the second floor are using their shower at the same time. When they use hot water, none comes up to the third floor." But, I guess, that would be a little too big a sign.

I love my bit of Fifty-Fourth Street. Won't you all come and live in it with me?

We wonder if that midget Mr. Morgan held on his lap didn't remind him of how much his fortune has dwindled during the last few years.

Beer will make you strong, especially if you get into the habit of carrying cases home.



"Sticks and stones will break my bones but names will never hurt me!"

MONOGRAM NOVELTIES

Always the Perfect Gift

After many years of experience with moderate priced gifts, we have found our hand-made Monogram Novelties, either in sterling silver or 14 Kt. gold, the most practicable, personal, and satisfactory articles we have ever sold. Last Christmas season we received orders from thirty-seven states for these novelties.

Key Chain—Circle monogram. A very popular gift deluxe. Hand crafted and strongly built for durability. All our Key Chains carry a registered number for identification. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$11.00.

Key Chain—Oval monogram. Only another design, otherwise the same as the circle Key Chain. These articles meet with instant approval both as personal and business gifts. Sterling silver, \$4.50. 14 Kt. green gold, \$10.00.

The Key Top applied to your key immediately identifies that key you use most often. In ordering, send key or proper blank and we will apply top. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$10.00.

Money Clip—A beautiful personal accessory. By a special method we are able to produce a Money Clip which will retain its spring tension indefinitely. This is a very important feature. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green gold, \$15.00.

Tie Clip—A very popular article made of one piece. Lettering pierced as in Money Clip—very strong and durable. Sterling silver, \$4.50. 14 Kt. green gold, \$10.00.

Place Card Holders—Very new and attractive. A distinctive final touch to a well appointed table. Sterling silver, \$8.00 the half dozen—\$15.00 per dozen.

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MY heart leaps up when I behold
Eggs rampant on a field of ham,
While, as for platinum and gold,
I do not give a tinker's dam.

—M. F.

FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 5

By John C. Emery

♠ 7-4	♠ K-Q-J-10-9-8-6-5-3-2
♥ J-10-4-3-2	♥ 9
♣ A-Q-8	♣ 10
♦ A-K-Q	♦ 10
	♠ A
	♥ A-K-Q
	♣ K-J-7-6
	♦ J-9-8-5-2
	♠ 0
	♥ 8-7-6-5
	♣ 9-5-4-3-2
	♦ 7-6-4-3

"WELL, sir, I like to died!" comments Earl B., of Houston, Tex., who submitted this month's most fascinating bridge hand. The beauty of this hand is that it demonstrates that even in the great open spaces of the West, where men are men, the pre-emptive bid still strikes terror into the hearts of holders of even the best cards. Mr. B. played the hand from the North position, and there are doubts in the minds of his friends that he will ever stop telling about it. Probably the players who occupied the East and West positions cross over to the other side of the street these days, when they see Mr. B. approaching. Doubtless he has a penetrating voice and an irritating laugh. Pre-emptive bidders usually have.

Bird's-eye View of the Scene

THE BIDDING

Harumph! 4 Spades!

We-ell, pass N
 W E
 S
Oh, my! Pass Huh? Hmm! Pass

At the time this hand was dealt, East and West already had one rubber under their belts, as well as a game toward the second rubber. North and South hadn't scratched yet. There was ample reason, in consequence, for both sides to exert themselves to the utmost on this hand. East and West, especially, should have seized upon the opportunity to cash their lovely cards while the cashing was good—for hands such as theirs do not come a bridge player's way as often as the morning paper.

North saw his chance and he leaped at it. With nine playing tricks in spades, he had the pre-emptive bid of

a lifetime. East, with better than four honor tricks, and West, with more than three and a half, were simply cowed by the ferocity of North's attack. Possibly the room was stuffy, or they had been getting too little sleep lately. In any event, both were slumbering wholeheartedly when North slipped his pre-emptive bid past them.

The playing of the hand was purely automatic. North had to lose four tricks—to the adversely-held aces. But he could not have lost another trick if he had tried. So North was set one trick, giving his opponents a mere fifty points, while North and his partner scored a hundred above the line for North's four spade honors. Not a bad outcome for a pair of hands with only one honor trick between them.

"The difference between what East and West did make on the hand and what they could have made out of it is I don't know how many thousand points," says Mr. B., who loves to rub it in. "But my little pre-emptive scared them off. In fact, it so unnerved them that they looked absent-minded all the rest of the evening, and my partner and I—when we started getting a few cards higher than the nines—gave them the trimming of their lives. Boy, oh boy, was that fun!"

IT certainly must have been. And the worst of it is that the memory of the hand will probably rankle for years in the breasts of East and West, until they vow never to be caught asleep that way again. Then they will start overcalling pre-emptive bids, and will settle down to find themselves trying to make impossible contracts and losing hundreds and hundreds of points in the process.



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GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



Peanuts, Popcorn and Crackerjack

I'LL review anything this month. You name it and I'll review it. Anything from Frank Case's poison ivy to drugstore window demonstrators of safety razor blade sharpeners.

There has been a merger of blind-men in the sucker sector. Three of them now inch down Broadway in a row, playing an accordion, violin and mandolin. I suppose the stock is on the New York Curb by this time.

At one time during this past month there wasn't a show on Broadway for which you couldn't buy tickets at the cut-rate agency. This is the first time in history that this has happened, and it will probably go down in the story books as Broadway's Black Bottom.

Even the pancake machine in Child's window folded up and is either in Cain's warehouse or playing one night stands in the middle west. In its place is a circular bar and sandwich counter. Shades of John L. Sullivan! Imagine yourself tending bar in a Child's restaurant.

What I'm wondering is whether this new beer is here to stay or is just another passing fancy, like the 3.2 golf which was such a rage for a short time a few years ago.

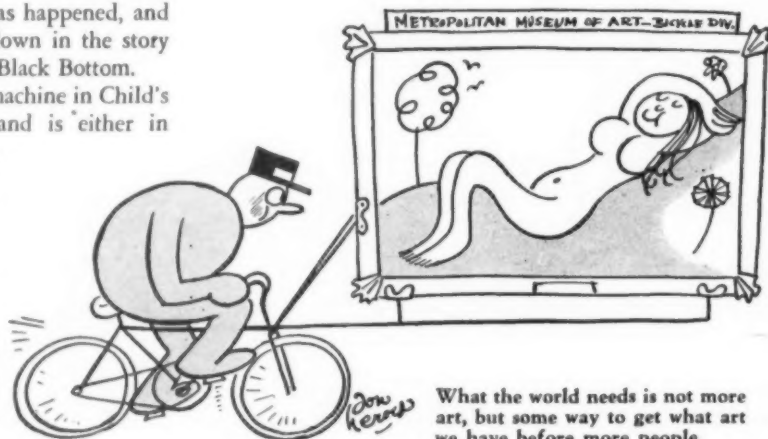
And I'd like to know who owns those two beautiful collies I often see on 42nd Street, unleashed, and always immaculately clean and combed.

...

WITH purely clinical motives, I went, the other evening, to Minsky's Burlesque, that celebrated nudist colony, just back of the Rialto. I sat in the second row next to an epileptic (as *Variety* refers to all us burlycue customers) who was chewing gum boomingly in my left ear. Being 95 percent bald (see cut) I was chosen immediately as a stooge in one of those intimate numbers in which the girls come down the stairs and mingle fragrances with the audience.

"Oh, look at the hims," my charmer cried, as the spotlight illumined my dome, and as she gave me a ginger cookie out of a little basket. I didn't want to take a bite (you can't depend on sanitary conditions in a burlesque theatre) and I thought of saying that I would smoke it after dinner, but finally said that I would take it home to the children. This touched something in the chorine's heart (of gold) and she gave me another. Perhaps she, too, is a parent.

After a sweltering evening, I decided that burlesque wouldn't be so terrible, if it weren't for the men. The women simply show the bodies Nature gave 'em, with a few extra motions suggested by the management, and



What the world needs is not more art, but some way to get what art we have before more people.

with a few bruises sustained in bumping into each other in the chorus routines. It is the men who make burlesque pretty lowdown and lousy, as indoor entertainment goes. Their display is of minds which have been pretty long in getting as dirty as they are, and which weren't very good minds in the first place. Of course, I know some good comedians have come out of burlesque. I imagine that there are few finer fellows in the world than Bobby Clark, for example, and I know there are few whose presence on stage or screen make me so satisfied with life, including Wall Street, matrimony, baldness, fatherhood, grindstones and maybe gallstones... who knows?

I believe the most characteristic things of burlesque are the orchestra music which gives the effect of overlapping itself, and the perfunctory, half-hearted kicks which go for dancing.

I'M sorry that pancake machine is gone. I always wanted to get a wee bit tight and go into Child's and press pancake buttons at every empty table and then beat it like a kid in Bloomfield who has just upset a culvert on Hallowe'en.

A new type of sandwich man has appeared in New York, with a deluxe frame, gorgeous uniform and pigeon-holes for business cards. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see a chain of these artists on our streets soon, carrying boards with neon light effects, running water, ABC recognition, and full agency commission.

Saw a girl on 44th Street the other day with low knees. Know the kind?

...

SOME of my best friends are ghost writers, and I agree with them that it is far better to be a ghost writer than a ghost, so I had little sympathy with the hero of *The Ghost Writer*, who was so terribly ashamed of his profession (writing stuff under somebody else's signature). Ninety percent of writing, these days, no matter who signs it, is a pure manufacturing process—whether it's popular novels, ads, or columns, so what and why not?

But I did sympathize with the crack-jack acting in *The Ghost Writer*, by such Grade A actors as Hal Skelly, William Frawley (the press agent in *Twentieth Century*), Ara Gerald and a half dozen others. I hope I am wrong in referring to this show in the past tense. I'm just that way about the theatre at this season. Why, sometimes I get so blue that I go



I'll review anything this month.

down and look at those magnified nickels in the subway turnstiles, just to get a little glamor out of life. A fellow has to have some fun. I spent a whole evening lately, looking at a window full of guppies in a pet store window at 106th Street and Broadway (life-bearing fish—15 cents a pair, and of course it takes a pair, as what doesn't?).

Among all the ghost writers I have known, I have never known one who ghost-wrote a novel. Most ghost writing is for persons who have attained fame in some field other than writing, and who have had experience or who have ideas, but are either unable or are too busy to write about their experiences or their ideas. Ghost writing under these circumstances is a pretty legitimate business. I think *The Ghost Writer* was stretching it somewhat to let its hero play understudy to a famous novelist. Incidentally, I believe I'll break your heart and tell you that the chances are that your favorite comic strip is drawn by an assistant. I know one comic strip on which four men work. A sort of, you might say—*brainless trust*.

...

A FEW years ago, a trip to Coney Island always depressed me for weeks. *There* was human nature in its rawest. Adipose, gaunt, knobby, gnarly, garter-marked and vaccination-scarred. I invariably came away with the feeling that I was a part of some sort of tremendous cosmic error. Well, I went down the other day and, though the people haven't improved, I didn't bat an eye. I guess I'm becoming a stout-stomached young interne in the corridors of life. I used to think "The things that amuse *some* people!" Now, I figure that anybody's fun of any kind is just that much velvet for somebody.

Coney has changed but little. The new boardwalk may make it a little tonier, but there are the same old roasting-ears, free movies with beer tables, Joe's Restaurant and Jim's Place. (There are so many places with these first names attached, that it was something of a shock to see the Brooklyn Trust Company; I would have expected it to be, perhaps, Charlie's Trust Company.) The sandy amours on the beach are perhaps a little warmer than in the old days. The most popular now is a sort of permanent kiss, in which respiration seems to be achieved through the ears.

Luna Park still seems almost intellectual in comparison with the rest of



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the place . . . the Atlantic Monthly of Coney Island.

...

THE Flea Circus on 42nd Street has adjourned until dog days. In the forepart of the now comparatively deserted Herbert's Museum, Hawaiian Joe holds forth with a bin full of sluggish reptiles. The barker promises that Joe will allow himself to be bitten several times, and

Joe himself promises it too, in the early part of his lecture, but eases out of it blithely later by saying "I used to let these snakes bite me, but they won't allow that any more". And I thought Roosevelt was taking lids off instead of putting them on. Snakes, says Joe, have a lot of credit coming to them, and folks don't give it to them. I am among the unenthusiastic.

(For further notes, see symposium on page 44.)

QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners

DEAR PROF: Has anyone, going on a trip, ever been able to put all of the luggage in the trunk on the back of the car?—Mrs. G. Kear Hosken, 128 E. Main St., Frostburg, Maryland.

Dear Mrs. Hosken: Yes! Mr. Henry Merry of Schenectady, N. Y., recently packed all of his touring equipment in the trunk on the back of his car and drove to the Fair in Chicago without having to pile any junk on the running boards or back seat. The equipment, amazingly enough, consisted of a tent, bedding roll, two suitcases, a supply of canned goods, a guitar, and a case of beer. When grilled by newspaper men at the Century of Progress, Mr. Merry made the following statement: "The secret is to clean out the trunk before starting to pack. The average car trunk usually contains a set of old tire chains, an inner tube in the last stages of decay, a wrinkled blue beret, a moth-eaten sweater, four old newspapers, several pairs of sun

glasses, a piece of rope, and damned if I know what all else. How can you expect to jam in much more?"

Dear Prof: Is there any breakfast food that's just good to eat, without having vitamins, energy, pep, pop, crackle, and so on?—Leonora Cimmino, 440 E. 26th St., New York City.

Dear Leonora: There is no known breakfast food boasting only of the quality you mention; most of them are handicapped by that tiresome blither known as *advertisorum claimus* (Latin—and pretty poor, too). Somebody is going to make a fortune some day by concocting a breakfast food that can be advertised as tasting swell but that doesn't make any noise and isn't worth a hoot in energy value unless the eater smothers it with sugar and pure cream. Only trouble is, the inventor will probably spoil everything by calling the stuff "Doody Flakes" or "Toofie Teas-er."

Dear Prof: Does anyone really know what the "gold standard" and "infla-

tion" mean?—Arthur M. Goddard, 4 Grove Pl., Melrose, Mass.

Dear Arthur: You came to the right place with that question, all right, all right. The "gold standard" is based on the value of the "gold bar" at par, which fluctuates with "commodity prices" and the "alfalfa surplus." Denominational "notes" (1, 5, 10, 20, 50 and on up, although rarely seen) are issued by the Treasury Department bearing pictures of former "Presidents" and carrying such "numbers" as B11009653. "Counterfeiters" often issue "fake" currency but when a country goes "off" the "gold standard" nobody knows what it's all about.

If you will read the above paragraph backwards, you'll have an explanation of "inflation." Where else could you get such information?

DEAR PROF: Would a restaurant keeper be violating any law if he served more than two strawberries on top of a piece of shortcake?—John MacLennan, Grand Central Hotel, Reno, Nevada.

Dear John: Yes; he would be violating Section 6, Paragraph 3 of the Restaurant Code which reads:

"What-ho: Be it known to all men by these presents that it shall be strictly rummy and just not cricket for any restauranteer to perch more than two (2) strawberries on top of any portion of shortcake or imitation thereof. Punishment for violation of this ordinance shall be a one-year diet of prunes and bread pudding, or a \$1.86 fine, or whatever whimsy the Judge can think of at the moment."

The reason for this (as explained by the proprietor of a Philadelphia hash joint) is that the average box of strawberries contains 12 good strawberries on top and some 30 at the bottom which are usually in a condition nothing short of lousy. Since each portion of shortcake hides 5 bad berries inside, there are only enough berries in a box for 6 portions, which means only 2 good berries on top. Get it?

Dear Prof: Has anyone ever succeeded in getting all of the tinfoil off a cake of cream cheese?—Betty Ablee, Hodgins Apts., Moscow, Idaho.

Dear Betty: Although a Mr. Lauren Cook of New York City claims to



Don Herold's answer to the popular question: "Did any motorist ever talk back to a traffic cop?"

have accomplished this, his methods have not been approved by cheese connoisseurs and does not therefore stand on record as successful. Mr. Cook last year calculated that he had eaten 15 pounds of tinfoil on (or with) cream cheese during his life, and he became so livid with rage at the thought of it that he sat down and wrote out a set of cream cheese rules which he mailed to all of the daily papers, none of which printed them. Here they are: (1) Place cake of cheese on a plate and try to strip off the foil in the ordinary way using fingernails and fork; (2) stab at remaining flakes with a nut pick, keeping as calm as possible; (3) run cake of cheese through a meat grinder; (4) squeeze the remains through a potato masher; (5) wave a powerful magnet over the mess that's left; and (6) spread some of it on a cracker. You'll probably find that it isn't worth eating and that in spite of all your efforts you're still foiled.

Consolation Paragraph

HONORABLE Mention this month goes to two Querespondents for their Silliqueeries. Alma Fergenbaum, 819 Myrtle St., Scranton, Pa., asks: *If intoxicated people see pink elephants, do elephants in the same condition see pink people?* . . . And David Gittleston, 5212-19th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: *When a conductor yells "Last Stop!" does he mean that thereafter the train will keep on going forever?*

BE a Querespondent. This department will pay \$5 each for questions accepted for answer. \$1 will be paid for each question printed in the Consolation Paragraph. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City.



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BUS TO GRAND CENTRAL

THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



IF you are one of those people who do not like musical motion pictures you had better get yourself a little room with a radio where you can sulk comfortably for the next few months. I mention the radio because that should make sulking easier. Yes, we might as well face it, friends. During the remainder of the year and well into 1934, there will probably be dozens of song-dance-and-trick-photography epics shown in your neighborhood theatre, and if you are the type who likes to "take things up," write your letter to Warner Brothers. They started it with "42nd Street" and made it unanimous with "Gold Diggers of 1933." And just when the box office cash registers were beginning to cool off from these two sensational lures, up popped Paramount with "College Humor," and more attendance records fell with bright, cheering thuds.

Not that I blame the customers for fighting to see these films. The photography alone in the "Petit' In The Park" and "In The Shadows" numbers in "Gold Diggers" is worth the price of admission. In addition to which Aline MacMahon is in the cast. I could enjoy Miss MacMahon in a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy.

But while "Gold Diggers" is a well directed and expensively produced musical extravaganza with a cast of competent players to put over the story of backstage life, "College Humor" offers no such inducements.

True, it has the reliable comedy talents of Jack Oakie and Burns and Allen, but Jack has to pull his laughs out of a hat, and Burns and Allen are held down to a few short scenes. Nor is Richard Arlen, as the serious campus Romeo, any reason for the customers to pile in. So what's the answer to the picture's popularity? Just this: It promises music (Bing Crosby)—comedy (Oakie, and Burns and Allen)—young love (college romancing)—and girl appeal

(Mary Carlisle and a flock of cute co-eds).

The outstanding feature is Bing's rendition of a ditty called "Learn to Croon." (The gist of the thing is that if you learn to croon you can reduce a gal's vocabulary to one word—"Yes.") The comedy material is only fair, and the story—well, to give you an idea:

The climax is the "Big Game" (football, mind you, in this weather!). The score is 13 to 0 against our side with a few minutes to go. The hero is reminded that he is wearing the headgear of good old "Tex", who made the All-American, and so he just breaks loose and scores a touchdown. The extra point is added. Score 13 to 7. After



"And stop calling me Sadie Thompson!"

the kickoff, the hero remembers something else and reels off a long run. Just a minute left to play. Good old "Tex", sitting in the grandstand with his wife and kids mutters to himself, "Now is the time to use old 7-11-44. He simply must use old 7-11-44!" And sure enough, the hero gathers his men about him and says (unless my ears deceived me), "Fellows we must use that lateral pass, old 7-11-44." Saying which he receives the ball and hurls a "lateral"

straight down the field a country mile, where a player catches it over the goal line. And then (now don't guess and spoil everything) the placement is kicked, making the score 14 to 13. A check of my records shows that this is the 149th movie football game in the past five years that has been won by the score of 14 to 13.

What I have been trying to tell you all this time is that "College Humor" is no ball of fire, but it does offer good light entertainment—with music—and this is very obviously what the country has been waiting for. "Gold Diggers" and "42nd Street" are one type of musical film. "College Humor" is another. All three are box office hits.

THE public approval of the lighter form of film entertainment today may be traced to the fact that people are not taking themselves so seriously. Everywhere we see signs of Big Shots coming off their perches, letting down their back hair, and softening up generally. Greta Garbo spoke to news reporters; George Bernard Shaw spent the night in the United States; George Jean Nathan liked one act of a show; J. Pierpont Morgan held a midget on his lap. (Though I am among those who indignantly deny that in doing this Mr. Morgan was unconsciously following his habit of supporting short stock.)

And so with this spirit of unimportance abroad, Hollywood adopted a lighter touch—as reflected in the current cinema treatment of sex. Mae West started it by proving that she could express her point of view without quivering a nostril or heaving a bosom. She scorned any obvious come-on, never promising with subtlety by so much as unhitching a single corset coupling. She just took her stance with her hands on her hips, waggled a bit from the waist down, and said "Why don't cha cumput' m'iroom sometime."

Maybe it was Mae, and then again maybe it was the presence of Bobby Jones (whose golfing films I never miss) in Hollywood that taught the cinema sex sellers that "easy does it," and "always play well within your-

self." At any rate, they are all starting their sex swing more slowly, improving their timing, and keeping their bodies out of the shot until the right moment.

Take Constance Bennett in "Bed of Roses" (now, now, no clowning). It's the most torrid little number she has run up in months, and all because she and Joel McCrea can take their red ants or leave them. Another gem of nonchalance in this film is Pert Kelton's performance, very much in the Mae West manner. (And I liked Pert's crack about her husband: "He's so dumb he couldn't find a bass drum in a telephone booth.")

Good picture—though some people may be offended at the idea of loose women marrying respectable men. (The word "respectable" when applied to a man, my dear children, does not imply that he *hasn't* been loose.)

• • •

IN "When Ladies Meet" and "I Loved You Wednesday" sex is reduced to its simplest and most prevalent form—conversation. The first is an authentic adaptation of the Rachel Crothers play of the same name. Full of sharp, amusing remarks about the husband, the wife, and the other woman—blessed with an absorbing climax—sagaciously directed by Harry Beaumont—smoothly played by Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, and Myrna Loy (in the order of their importance).

The news of the piece is that Miss Brady is a swell screen comedienne. As a social nitwit who continually talks out of turn, she is a cross between Gracie Allen and your wife's relatives. Excellent performance.

• • •

"I Loved You Wednesday" presents another triangle, composed of the girl and her two lovers—one married. I should like to say something especially nice about it, as one of the authors, William Du Bois (and a very bright young man) comes from my home town. Even now I can hear the neighbors saying, "Well, he might have stretched a point in *this* case."

The characters in "I Loved You Wednesday" continually give the impression that they are going to say something pretty pointed about the relative merits of love—with and without benefit of clergy—but they never quite make it.

The news is that the Fox Company makes Elissa Landi take off her clothes, throw herself about, and get generally

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steamed up. The reason, obviously, is to color Miss Landi's placid beauty with a shot of glamorous abandon. It doesn't work. During the clinches I couldn't rid myself of the impression that she might pop out any minute with a "How dare you!"

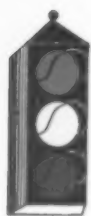
• • •

And as a parting yip I want to say

that the worst drinks I've ever seen mixed on the screen were in "Ann Carver's Profession." Glasses half-filled—and no ice.

Right fair career-versus-love movie, by the way, and another jump up the ladder in Gene Raymond's rapid stellar ascension.

(For further comments see "Stop & Go" service, page 44.)



STOP

CAUTION

GO

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

A Symposium of Criticism

by Don Herold, Harry Evans, and Kyle Crichton

DRAMA

(Some of these plays are, or soon will be, on the road. See local papers.)

- *Alien Corn*. One of the best things this year, perfectly cast. Katharine Cornell is still the peeress of the inner-agony or furrowed-brow actresses.
- *Another Language*. Souls of flame among wet blankets.
- *Biography*. Ina Claire makes this one rare.
- *Both Your Houses*. For those who want a play with a minimum of love interest. Concerns a normally stupid Congress, with appropriate insults.
- *Counsellor-at-Law*. Elmer Rice pudding it over big.
- *Dinner at Eight*. A clinical peek into the home, love, business, and soul life of each of several couples invited to a forthcoming dinner party. Contains everything but an elephant act, but worth seeing.
- *Gay Divorce*. The play isn't always as sophisticated as it should be, but you shouldn't care about that.
- *Music in the Air*. About musicians, and has flower pots in the window, and Alps in the background, and music, music, music, but you'll love it.

One Sunday Afternoon. Not to be recommended 1000 per cent, but good enough. About a dentist and what happens when an enemy of his gets into the chair.

The Ghost Writer. \$100,000 worth of talent in a \$27,000 play.

- (Most plays that rate red will have been stopped by this time anyway.)

MOVIES

Pictures marked (X) not suitable for children.

- *A Bedtime Story* (Maurice Chevalier). Maurice's adopted baby steals his show.
- *Adorable* (Janet Gaynor). If you like Janet, paint it green, and go.
- *Christopher Strong* (Katharine Hepburn—Colin Clive). Hepburn's personality bolsters a weak triangle.
- *Cocktail Hour* (Bebe Daniels—Randy Scott) (X). Career-versus-love comedy drama. Smart lines.

- *Elmer the Great* (Joe E. Brown). Misconceived comedy ruins a good baseball story.

- *Forgotten Men* (Forces of World War). Amazing actual war scenes. Authentic. Grim.

- *42nd Street*. Swell backstage musical. Exceptional photography.

- *Gold Diggers of 1933* (All-star Warner cast). See *42nd Street*.

- *I Cover the Waterfront* (Claudette Colbert—Ben Lyon). Good story gone wrong in Hollywood.

- *I Loved You Wednesday* (Warner Baxter—Elissa Landi). Dull effort at smart talk about free love.

- *India Speaks* (Richard Halliburton). Padded travelogue featuring self-torture scenes.

- *International House* (Paramount and Radio Stars) (X). Good laughs by W. C. Fields. Peggy Joyce's talkie debut.

- *Jennie Gerhardt* (Sylvia Sydney). Sacrifice-for-love-without-marriage drama. Sad.

- *Kiss Before the Mirror* (Nancy Carroll—Frank Morgan). Should husband kill faithless mate? Unusual solution.

- *Lilly Turner* (Ruth Chatterton). And who bought this dull, murky story?

- *Little Giant* (Edward G. Robinson). Retired gangster crashes society. Plenty giggles.

- *Looking Forward* (Lionel Barrymore—Lewis Stone). Anti-depression story beautifully acted.

- *Melody Cruise* (Charles Ruggles—Phil Harris). Who in the world picked Crooner Harris? Incredible!

- *Oliver Twist* (Dickie Moore). Even children will boo. Simply awful.

- *Peg O' My Heart* (Marion Davies). Old play handsomely mounted. For whimsy fans.

- *Perfect Understanding* (Gloria Swanson). British-made. Dull technique swamps Gloria.

- *Picture Snatcher* (James Cagney). Unpleasant escapades of tabloid photo sneaker.

- *Reunion in Vienna* (John Barrymore—Diana Wynyard) (X). The husband, wife, and former-lover triangle psyched.

- *Rome Express* (Esther Ralston). Murder mystery. Best British talkie to date.

- *Story of Temple Drake* (Miriam Hopkins). Stupid effort to film Faulkner's filth modestly.

- *Strange People* (Hale Hamilton). Very. A mystery, and no fooling.

- *The Barbarian* (Ramon Novarro—Myrna Loy). Heavy desert sheiking ruins good comedy.

- *The Devil's Brother* (Laurel and Hardy—Dennis King). It's *Fra Diavolo*. Five reels too long.

- *The Life of Jimmy Dolan* (Fairbanks, Jr.—Loretta Young). Good prize-fight film. Convincing sob hokum.

- *Today We Live* (Joan Crawford—Gary Cooper). Miscast British war drama. Unconvincing.

- *Zoo in Budapest* (Loretta Young—Gene Raymond). Hurrah for Gene, the lions, and the cameraman.

BOOKS

- *A Guide Through World Chaos*, by G. D. H. Cole. If you want to know why they met in London.

- *As the Earth Turns*, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Quiet life on a Maine farm. Nice.

- *British Agent*, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Swell adventure by one Englishman who actually found the Bolsheviks were human beings.

- *Henry P. Davison*, by Thomas W. Lamont. Buried four feet deep in white-wash.

- *Indiscreet Girl*, by Bernard Sobel. By a press agent, who should go back to it.

- *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada. In which a dumb sap is made interesting.

- *Recovery Through Revolution*, a symposium edited by Samuel Schmalhausen. For you, if you're serious about life, and you should be.

- *The Album*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Good mystery—not so good detecting.

- *The Coming Struggle for Power*, by John Strachey. Still the best book of the year.

- *The House of Exile*, by Nora Waln. An American girl is adopted by a Chinese family. Charming.

- *The Journal of Arnold Bennett*. Mr. Bennett met everybody. Didn't like Amurricans.

- *Transatlantic Wife*, by Peggy Joyce. Bedside tales for Papa and Mama.

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Reply to an Invitation to Come to Tea and See the Baby Bedded Down

THANK you for offering to share
Your pride and joy, your son and
heir,
With one whose life does not include
The highly spiritual food
Available to those who rear
A child from its initial year.

Although I may be, on the whole,
Exceptionally short of soul,
Unmitigated infancy,
As such, does not appeal to me.
I have no deep conviction that
Association with a brat
(No matter how absurdly small)
Improves the character at all.
Nor do I think that little ones
Mix well with tea and toast and buns.

A baby's place is in his bed—
Not drooling 'round a grown-up's
head,
Nor grabbing at a sugar bowl,
Nor squawking for a buttered roll.
The fact that he can walk does not
Astound or thrill me. Many a tot
Has done the same all in good time.
I do not yearn to watch him climb
Nor view his one incipient tooth.
Indeed, my friend, the horrid truth
Is this: I simply do not like
One thing about your little tike.

Why should I, just because he's small,
Salaam and smirk and coo and crawl?
Why should I, just because of size,
Consider him a noble prize?
Forgive me, but I choose my friends
For other reasons, other ends,
For subtler charms along the lines
Of fun or love or monkeyshines,
Or conversational astuteness,
And not for pure and simple cuteness.

—Margaret Fishback.

JULY SOLUTION

T	U	E	S	D	A	Y	S	H	U	T	T	E	R
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THE WOMAN'S SLANT



Bargains on Wheels

BECAUSE it is located near Central Park, roller skaters' hang-out, the Bloomingdale store has recently met with a problem thoroughly 1933. It has had to take steps to discourage shoppers from making their purchases on roller skates, due to the danger to other customers. Signs posted in the store read, "Please remove your skates while shopping, but skate all you like on our rink in the sporting goods department."

This Month's Madnesses in a Century of Progress

FORTUNA CRABS, tiny expatriated crustaceans imported from their happy home in the South Sea Islands to the Century of Progress Exposition, in the interest of serving as a good luck charm, so that folks may light three cigarettes on one match.

REGULATED BEER COLLAR, as drawn from faucets whose mechanical pressure assures a uniform foam on every mug. This is a new feature of Modern Bar No. 1, installed in the Alt Heidelberg Building at the Chicago Fair, by the Eitel Bros.

B FLAT GARTERS. If there's a gust of wind, these new-fangled round garters can be seen holding up the hosiery of the 30 most beautiful models at the Exposition. They fold and lap over in such a way as to get a purchase on hose and leg, eliminating the need for girdle garters and the ugly lumpy ridges formed on the leg by the average round garter.

Time Under Glass

The summer breakage of wrist-watch crystals set one firm of New York jewelers, B. Harris & Sons, to work on the problem of developing a clear, non-

shatterable wrist-watch glass. This has finally been accomplished, to such an extent that a year's guarantee is given with each crystal, not only against its not smashing but against its not falling out.

Sea-Going Skaters

Because the French, they are a frivolous race, the kind-hearted French Line turns over the long, smooth decks of its ocean liners to roller skating parties when a boat is in port. We watched the feminine cast of a Broadway show slither along the deck of the *S. S. Champlain* the other day, filled with admiration for the girls' figures and for the generosity of the French Line. Where else could these night-flower shut-ins abandon themselves to sea and sky, giving the crew the time of its life watching their girlish antics and giving themselves a lot of good clean fun along with a lot of black and blue bruises?



Odds and Ends

Pedestrians are having hard going of it on Park Avenue, with fashion's insistence that a smartly gowned woman trudging along holding three small dogs on leash is more *à la mode* than one walking with but one dog alone, or even two. This three-dog era is fine for pet shop owners. Every one of them is flourishing. . . . Women are carrying their own shade with them this summer, in the 20-inch Merry Widow sailors it is fashionable to wear. . . . Exotic foods are gathering momentum. A large number of New Yorkers have learned to eat Papayas after one visit to the West Indies. Folks who like Florida fare are the ones who set up a clamor here at Charles, Grocers, for rattlesnake meat. And Hicks, Fifth Ave. fruiterer, reports an epicurean demand for Monstra Deliciosa, which looks and tastes like pineapple Burbanked with an ear of corn.

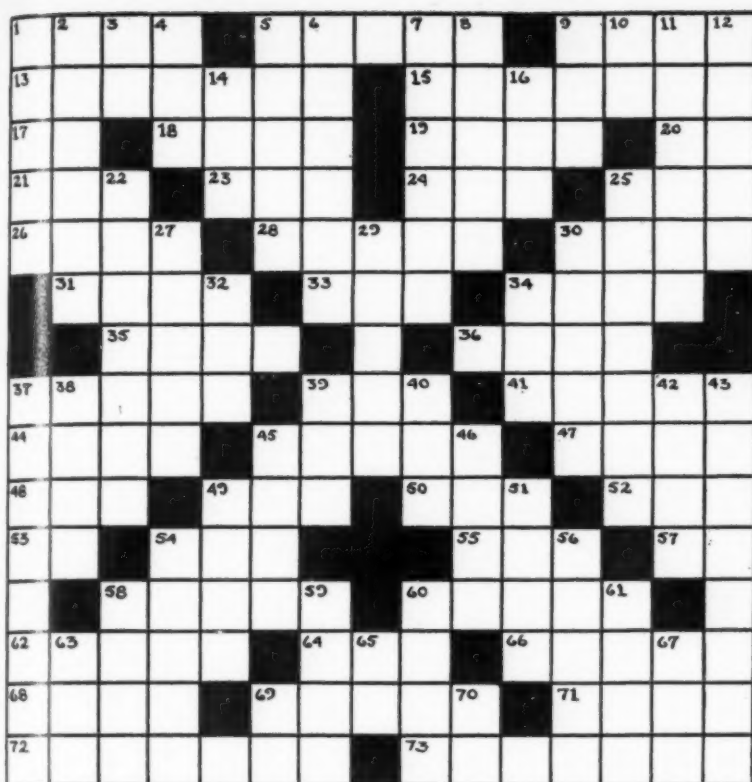
Are You Wearing

Columbine brown, a new reddish-brown shade for fall? Winged shoulders and high, upstanding hats? Brassières which not only uplift but establish a wide-apart spacing? Perforations in everything, from shoes to gloves? Champagne colored hair, if you are a blonde? Jewelry in the shape of a regal plume? Swagger length sports coats of light summer furs? (We say furs are furs, whether they're called summer furs or not, and we don't approve of wearing them in August any more than we do of wearing straw hats in January.) Are you using the new powder deodorants and anti-perspirants? You simply shake it on like talcum. —T. W. S.

Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You

THE Turkish bath was developed by the Indians . . . Sauer kraut was invented in China . . . Chop suey was invented in the United States . . . and Turkish towels were invented in Egypt.

—W. E. F.



HORIZONTAL

1. Something you go for in August.
5. Simply convulsing!
9. A very personal subject.
13. Warrior's outfit.
15. The hottest thing in town.
17. This is by way of example.
18. A way with policemen.
19. Just one.
20. High degree.
21. Clear profit.
23. This is always burnt out.
24. The well-worn track.
25. Coquettish.
26. Catchy.
28. Seizures.
30. What a Dry does to liquor.
31. Fine earth.
33. The National Academy of Science.
34. This is also a give-away.
35. Wolves' dugout.
36. Tie up.
37. One thing the Scotch put their dough in.
39. Fold of the dress.
41. Triplets.
44. A furred jumper.
45. Sunny.
47. To covet with a grudge.
48. A long-eared jack.
49. Often followed with hurrahs.
50. Water stopper.
52. Usually the first thing in ginger-ale.
53. Here the first person is the object.
54. Funny face.
55. An illuminating air.
57. This one always says yes in Russia.
58. Lounges.
60. Annoying people.
62. This leads a dog's existence.
64. Fearful reverence.
66. Heavenly reward to good Mohammedans.
68. The place where the sun never sets.
69. Racy subject.
71. Gang fight.
72. This still stands up for religion.
73. Ornament of ribbon.

VERTICAL

1. Used up.
2. These are always won by chance.
3. Impossible to be made out.
4. Hoi polloi.
5. A hack.
6. A big twister.
7. Steel cutters.
8. Food bills.
9. Stock yard.
10. Questionable.
11. Sour fruit.
12. Fights.
14. A flower when sweet.
16. Abbreviated height.
22. These keep you in stitches.
25. Life in the rough.
27. On the level.
29. Tag.
30. A blasting.
32. Necking for men.
34. Craft.
37. Slaughter-house.
38. Bottle carrier.
39. Beer plant.
40. Nuts to some people.
42. This makes you greedy.
43. A stick of this can gum up anything.
45. The kitchen dish-rack.
46. The fad.
49. Mix-up in the food supply.
51. Crush.
54. Something easily stuck on.
56. Supplies.
58. A kind of ball in summer.
59. Feed up.
60. An equal.
61. Please.
63. A word for thin people.
65. Internationally famous flying team.
67. Twaddle.
69. Simple life.
70. Command to act.



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BY JEFFERSON MACHESON



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LETTERS

DEAR LIFE: The June issue has just arrived on the newsstands and I'm glad to have it. I grew up on the fifty-year-old copies my granddad amassed, and the thirty-year-old ones kept by my Dad, so that it's almost a family institution with me. I think LIFE might well be a little more topical—give more attention to the foibles and minor idiocies of the day. "Some of the People—" is good, but there isn't enough of it. I suppose that really is my greatest criticism of LIFE—there's not enough of it. . . . I surely do think color adds a lot to the magazine, from the extra-special superfine covers (Jan., Feb., March and June in particular), to the red hearts and diamonds on the bridge page. I have had enough experience with magazine and printing work to know something of the expense and trouble involved. . . . The Magazine Mergers are clever—I fooled my friends with the current *Time & Popular Mechanics* cover.

LIFE stands out from the other comic magazines because it is frequently more subtle; usually closer to real hu-



Russell Patterson (page 11) has a New York roof terrace and no time to use it.

SUCH IS LIFE!

mor, in that it is based more nearly on common and decidedly human factors in our existence. I think the New York atmosphere has had a stifling effect on much commercial humor—too far from the things the rest of us, out here in the sticks, know and live. Life for a great many of us is not quite so rancid as one might think from the recent mushrooming of the cheap and dirty type of periodical; we are all nearer to the earth and the elemental things than we like to admit. There's the key to the appealing type of humor. LIFE is the only humor periodical the local Public Library considers worth buying—and it gets harder use than any other magazine, not excepting the *Saturday Evening Post* and the popular science group. Readers' judgment ought to mean something. Looking back through the June issue for something to point out as a bad example, I cannot find any glaring example, so I guess my dissatisfaction is merely with the quantity—but what can you expect for a nickel and a dime?

Fortunate enough to have grown up in the country myself, I particularly appreciate the Fresh Air Fund idea. I shall send in as much as I can spare, so that some poor kid sweltering in the city can have a taste of something he'll never forget. If you had to cut the magazine in two to keep up the Fund, I think it would be very worthwhile. Keep up the good work. You'll get a sale a month from me as long as you keep up the present standard of humor.

—John T. Cheney,
Berkeley, Calif.

ON this page in the June issue we printed a photograph of Marjorie ("From Me To You") Henderson and advised readers to send mash notes direct to her. The response, according to her, is more than we expected. Writes Marge: "Great grief, the letters are a riot! They've come from all over the map. None from the Navy as yet, but I've heard from the Army, and how! Then there's one from a Civilian Conservation Camp, and one from a guy in Texas who calls me baby and says he lives in a mud shack. Had a particularly hot one from a salesman in Chicago, which is getting entirely too close!" We forwarded another batch today, and are expecting a bomb by return mail.

—The Editors.